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XI.—JOINVILLE'S HISTORY OF ST. LOUIS.

THE magnificent, and, at the same time, by no means too expensive volume in which M. Natalis de Wailly has lately presented to us the most perfect imaginable edition of the Sire de Joinville's famous *Histoire de St. Louis*, furnishes us very naturally with an occasion for devoting a few pages to this beautiful work—beautiful, not only in the shape and form in which it now lies before us, but in itself, in the genuine piety and simple candour of its author, who, like other authors of biographies of the highest class, has unconsciously painted himself as well as his heroic master. It appears from the critical part of M. de Wailly's volume that the text of Joinville has had, like other great works, to be restored in modern times, and to be delivered from the professed improvements and decorations which the bad taste of the sixteenth century, in which it was first published, had foisted upon it. This restoration was the work of the last century, and we are now able, thanks to the further labours which M. de Wailly and others have bestowed upon it, to read the Sire de Joinville's book as he himself wrote it, with the assistance of a more modernized text on the alternate pages of the volume. Our space is too limited for us to attempt to enter on any history of the text, a work all the more needless, as there can be no doubt at all that we have now before us the genuine Joinville. M. de Wailly will furnish his readers with every possible information on this point in the Essay on the editions and text which follows his Preface. We may add, that besides the *Histoire de St. Louis*, which forms the great bulk of the volume, M. de Wailly gives us the curious piece called the *Credo* of Joinville, and a number of most valuable notes on the antiquarian and chronological points which require elucidation. His volume is closed by an ample vocabulary, a complete Index, and three very beautiful maps, one for each of the

Crusades in which St. Louis took part, and the third a map of France as it was in the days of the saintly King.

A glance at the volume before us is enough to satisfy any well informed reader as to the exact meaning of the title which Joinville has given to his work. It is not a history of St. Louis, but an account of what Joinville himself remembers about the King, chiefly during their long companionship in consequence of his first Crusade. Joinville mentions a good many other facts about St. Louis, and he ends his own story with the King's death; but he leaves out a large part of his reign, and is even mistaken as to several points which he does mention. He passes very summarily over the earlier years of St. Louis. He was ten years younger than the King, and started on the Crusade with him at the age of twenty-four. He relates what he has himself seen, and for the rest he could only depend upon information given him second-hand. Moreover, he was an old man when he wrote, and his memory does not seem to have been gifted with any extraordinary accuracy as to dates and scenes of which he had no personal knowledge. He seems to have heard a good deal of the early years of Louis from the King himself. Louis had good reason to remember the perils which had beset him when a mere lad, hardly more than nominally King of France, under the wise and firm government of his famous mother, Blanche of Castile. Blanche found herself surrounded by enemies. The great barons combined against the child-King and his foreign mother. Thibaud, Count of Champagne, Pierre de Dreux, Duke of Brittany, Philip, Count of Boulogne—who as uncle to the King claimed the Regency for himself—Hugh de Lusignan, Count de la Marche, were at various times, or all at the same time, her foes. The Count of Boulogne leagued himself with a number of barons to make himself master of the young King's person in 1228, but Thibaut of Champagne, who had been won over by the commanding grace of Blanche, betrayed the plot, and the King and Queen threw themselves into the Castle of Montlhéri till they were rescued by the Parisians. This was one of the reminiscences which Louis recalled to Joinville.

After the King was crowned, there were some barons who asked the Queen to give them great lands, and because she would do no such thing, all the barons assembled at Corbeil. And the holy King told me that neither he nor his mother, who were then at Montlhéri, dared to return to Paris until such time as the inhabitants of Paris came in arms to seek

them. And he told me that from Montlhéry all the road was full of people, armed and unarmed, until they came to Paris, and that they all cried out to our Lord to give him good and long life, and to defend and shield him against his enemies.

A revolt of the barons ensued, and Thibaut took the part of the King. He was punished by a coalition against himself, of which Joinville speaks, and which was broken by the intervention of the King in 1230, but as to this Joinville is inexact, both as to time and circumstances. In fact of what we may call the first period of the reign of Louis, up to his taking the Cross, in 1244, on recovery from an illness in which he had at one time been thought dead, Joinville relates scarcely anything but the affairs of the Count of Champagne, as to which he is inaccurate, the *cour plénière* at Saumur, in 1241, and the war with our Henry the Third and the Count de la Marche, which was settled by the battle of Taillebourg, in 1242. He omits even the end of the Albigenian war in 1229, the marriage of the King with Margaret of Provence in 1234, and the revolt of the Count of Champagne in 1236. His account of the submission of the Count de la Marche after the battle of Taillebourg, on the other hand, is in one passage the work of an eye-witness, and is so characteristic of the times that we may quote it before we pass on.

The Count de la Marche, as a man whose affairs were beyond all remedy, came to the prison of the King, and brought to him thither his wife and his children, on account of which the King, when he made the peace, had much of the land of that Count, but I know not how much, for I was not at that business, not having yet put on the haubert [the coat of mail of a knight]. But I have heard it said that besides the land which the King acquired, the Count de la Marche handed over to him ten thousand livres *parisis* which he had in the royal coffers, and as much more every year.

When we were at Poitiers, I saw a knight who was called Monseigneur Geoffrey de Rancon, who for a great outrage which the Count de la Marche had done to him, as was said, had sworn upon the holy relics that he would never have his hair cut as knights are wont, but would wear his hair in bands like as women do, until he should see himself avenged upon the Count de la Marche either by himself or by another. And when Monseigneur Geoffrey saw the Count de la Marche, with his wife and children, kneeling before the King and crying him mercy, he caused a trestle to be brought, and his head bands to be taken off, and his hair cut at once there in the presence of the King, the Count de la Marche, and all who were there.

It is with what may be called the second act in the reign of Louis that Joinville begins to be in truth his historian. This second act embraces the whole of the King's absence from France on account of his first Crusade. This absence

lasted rather more than six years (June, 1248—July, 1254), and was brought to a close by the death of Blanche of Castile, whom Louis had made Regent of his kingdom while he was himself in the East. The main outlines of the history may be found in numberless authors, most of whom, of course, have drawn largely upon Joinville's narrative. The King embarked with his wife and two of his brothers at Aigues Mortes, on June 12, 1248. His force consisted of forty thousand men, nearly three thousand of whom were knights. The fleet reached Cyprus on September 28. In this island the winter was spent, the King occupying himself in endeavouring to heal the divisions between the Christians in the Holy Land, and in preparing provisions and necessities for the expedition. During this time, also, he received an embassy from the great Khan of Tartary, offering his friendship and even alliance, and St. Louis sent some envoys in return. The spring was far advanced when the armament was ready to sail. Its destination was Egypt, as it was thought that if the Soldan of that country were conquered, the conquest of the Holy Land would follow as a matter of course. The armament sailed from Cyprus in the latter half of May, 1249, in eighteen hundred vessels, and after a few days appeared off Damietta. St. Louis determined to land at once, and threw himself into the water with his shield hung to his neck. The Egyptian forces were unable to resist the impetuous charge of the French, and Damietta was taken at once. The King entered the city in procession, his head and feet bare, with the Queen, his brothers, the Papal Legate, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and a number of French bishops. The great mosque was purified, and the *Te Deum* chanted in it. So far everything was well, but Damietta proved a fatal prize to the army. There was much unlawful plunder, and many of the Christian host abandoned themselves to licentiousness during the long six months of delay, while the King was waiting to be joined by his brother, the Count of Poitiers, who was to bring reinforcements from France. Joinville tells us how he persuaded the Legate to have a procession on three successive Saturdays to secure the safe arrival of the Count—a devotion which had already been practised on board ship when they had been kept back by winds off the coast of Africa before reaching Cyprus.

When the feast of St. Remi was over, and no news had been heard of the Count of Poitiers (about which the King and all the army were in great

trouble, for they feared that a misfortune had happened to him), I then reminded the Legate how the Dean of Maurupt had caused us to make three processions by sea, on three Saturdays ; and before the third Saturday we landed in Cyprus. The Legate believed me, and made proclamation in the camp of the three processions on three Saturdays.

The first procession began in the Legate's hotel, and they went to the Church of our Lady in the city, which church was made in the Saracens' mosque, and the Legate had dedicated it in honour of the Mother of God. The Legate preached on two Saturdays. The King was present, and the rich men of the army, to whom the Legate gave a plenary indulgence.

Before the third Saturday the Count of Poitiers arrived, and it was well that he did not come before, for in the interval between the three Saturdays there was so great a storm at sea before Damietta, that there were full two hundred and forty vessels, both great and small, destroyed and lost, and all the people on board drowned and lost. So, if the Count of Poitiers had come sooner, both he and his people would have perished.

When the Count of Poitiers was come, the King summoned all the barons of his army to know which way he should take, that of Alexandria or that of Babylon.¹ And so it came to pass that the good Count Peter of Brittany and most of the barons agreed that the King ought to besiege Alexandria, because there was before the city a good harbour, where the vessels bringing provisions for the army could anchor. This advice was opposed by the Count of Artois, who said that, in his opinion, they should go nowhere but to Babylon, because it was the principal place in the whole Kingdom of Egypt ; and so he said that whosoever wished to kill the serpent out of hand, ought to crush his head. The King rejected all the other opinions of his barons, and resolved to abide by that of his brother (p. 99).

This advice of the Count of Artois was the ruin of the Crusade. The Sultan, however, was frightened, and offered very advantageous terms of peace. He would restore the Kingdom of Jerusalem to the Christians, set all his prisoners free, and give up Damietta with all its territory. The terms were refused, and the Sultan died in November. The onward march of the Crusaders began in Advent, and was beset by infinite difficulties on account of the numerous branches of the Nile which had to be crossed. Joinville gives a characteristic description of this wonderful river, with which he and his companions became so fatally acquainted. A victory was gained on December 6, and another on Christmas Day, but the battle of Mussourah, after the passage of an arm of the river by a ford, a battle brought on by the headlong temerity of the Count of Artois, who lost his life in it, was not fought till the 8th of February. Louis gained more than one victory after this, but the tide soon began to turn, provisions became scarce, contagious diseases attacked the army, which was

¹ *i.e.*, Cairo.

continually harassed by the Saracens and Bedouins. By Easter there was a great scarcity of food, and a great number of knights were struck down by illness. It became necessary to retreat on Damietta, and the way was barred by the enemy. St. Louis was himself attacked by dysentery, and hardly able to stand, yet he was the life and courage of the whole army, and carefully provided, as far as was possible, for every emergency. Then came the terrible moment when it was necessary to negotiate with the enemy in order to save the lives of the fragment of the army which still survived. The negotiations were begun and then broken off, and at last the King was himself made prisoner in a night attack. Joinville tells us that he was himself captured on the river, attempting to make his way down, and that his life was saved by the belief of the enemy that he was the King's cousin. This part of his narrative is full of the most interesting details, and we are tempted to regret that our want of space forces on us to make a very meagre selection.

Here is an account of the threats of torture made to St. Louis—

The Sultan's ministers tried the King in the same manner that they had tried us, to see whether the King would promise them to surrender any castles of the Temple or the Hospital, or any of the castles of the barons of the country. And the King, as God willed, answered them just as we had done. And they threatened him, and told him that, as he would not do this, they would have him put into the bernicles.

The bernicles are the cruellest torture that can be endured. They are two flexible pieces of wood, furnished at the end with teeth; and they fit one into the other, and are fastened together at the end with strong ox-hide thongs. And when they want to put people into them, they place them on their side and put their legs between the pegs inside, and then they make a man sit upon the pieces of wood, so that it happens that not half a foot of bone is left which is not quite crushed. And in order to do the worst that they can, at the end of three days, when the legs are swollen, they put them again, swollen as they are, into the bernicles and break them afresh. To these threats the King replied that he was their prisoner, and that they could deal with him as they pleased.

When they saw that they would not be able to overcome the good King by threats, they came back to him, and asked him how much money he would give the Sultan, and whether he would restore Damietta to them, as well. And the King made answer that, if the Sultan were willing to take of him a reasonable sum of money, he would send word to the Queen to pay it for their ransom. And they said, "How is it that you will not tell us that you will do these things?" And the King replied that he did not know whether the Queen would do this, for that she was free to do as she pleased. Then the ministers went back to speak to the Sultan, and brought word again to the King that if the Queen would pay a million of

gold bezants, which are equal to five hundred thousand pounds, he would set the King at liberty,

Then the King asked them, on their oath, whether, in case the Queen would do this, the Sultan would set them at liberty for that sum. And they went again to speak to the Sultan, and on their return made oath to the King that they would so set him free. And so soon as they had sworn, the King said and promised the emirs that he would willingly pay the five hundred thousand pounds for the ransom of his people, and Damietta for the ransom of his own person, for it was not meet that such a one as he was should be ransomed for money. When the Sultan heard that, he said, "By my faith, the Frank has an open hand, not to bargain about so large a sum. Go now, and tell him," said the Sultan, "that I will give him a hundred thousand pounds towards the payment of his ransom."

The greatest danger which the prisoners incurred was after the death of the Sultan. The emirs were dissatisfied with him and conspired to put him to death. After this, it seemed as if the prisoners would be massacred.

There came to our galley as many as thirty of them, with drawn swords in their hands and Danish axes round their necks. I asked Monseigneur Baldwin d'Ibelin, who was well acquainted with the Saracen tongue, what these people said, and he replied that they said they were come to cut off our heads. There were great numbers of persons who confessed to a Trinitarian friar named John, who was attached to Count William of Flanders. But I, for my part, did not remember any sin that I had committed; but I considered that the more I sought to defend myself and to escape, the worse it would be for me.

Then I made the sign of the Cross, and knelt down at the feet of one of them, who had in his hand a Danish carpenter's axe, and I said, "So St. Agnes died." Messire Guy d'Ibelin, Constable of Cyprus, knelt down beside me and confessed to me, and I said to him, "I absolve you with such power as God has given me." But when I rose up from where I was kneeling, I remembered nothing of what he had said or told me.

They ordered us to be taken away from the place where we were, and put us in prison in the sink of the galley; and many of our people thought that they did so because they did not wish to attack us altogether, but to kill us one after the other. In this place we were in such misery, very late in the evening, that we lay all packed together, so that my feet were right against the good Count Peter of Brittany, and his against my face.

Next morning, the emirs had us brought out of that prison in which we were, and their messengers told us that we were going to speak to the emirs, to renew the convention that the Sultan had made for us, and they said we might be sure that, if the Sultan had lived, he would have cut off the King's head and ours. As many as were able to go, went. The Count of Brittany, the Constable, and I, who were grievously sick, remained behind. The Count of Flanders, Count John of Soissons, the two brothers d'Ibelin, and the others, who were able to help themselves, went.

They agreed with the emirs in this way—that as soon as Damietta should be surrendered to them, they would release the King and the other rich men who were there; for as to the common people, the Sultan had had them taken away towards Babylon, except those whom he had

had killed. And this thing he had done contrary to the conditions he had made with the King ; for which reason it seems certain that he would have had us also killed as soon as Damietta was in his hands.

However, the emirs confirmed the treaty which had been made with the Sultan. They seem to have conceived a great admiration for St. Louis, and even offered to make him their Sultan. Damietta was put into their hands as the condition of the liberation of the King. His wife, Margaret of Provence, who had been left there with a strong garrison, had just given birth to a son, who from the unfortunate circumstances under which he was born was called John Tristan. Margaret had been in terrible fear of falling herself into the hands of the infidels, and as she was tormented by this in her dreams, an old knight of eighty years of age was put to sleep in the same room with her. One day she sent every one else away, and threw herself at his feet, begging him to swear that he would grant the request that she was going to make to him. He promised, and then she implored him that if the Saracens took the city, he would cut her head off before she could fall into their hands. The character of the infidels, as painted by Joinville, is a strange medley of valour, courtesy, barbarity, and bad faith. They seem to have been much afraid of the Christian powers, and especially of St. Louis, and they admired his noble, resolute, and generous character. They gladly made treaties with him, at the same time that they threatened him with the torture, and cut off ruthlessly the heads of a large number of their captives after offering them life as the price of apostacy. They massacred others, and especially the sick who fell into their hands, and after all broke faith with the King as to the ransom of the great body of his followers. Half the money was paid before he left Egypt, and he left twelve thousand prisoners in the hands of his enemies as hostages for the rest. He sent the remainder from Acre almost as soon as he arrived, but only four hundred captives were restored. A large number had already perished, many were made slaves, and it is to be feared that a considerable part of the remainder nominally abjured their faith.

It is in his narrative which follows after the conclusion of this treaty, and which extends over the remaining years of the sojourn of St. Louis in the East, that Joinville is especially valuable to us, not only as giving us many pieces of information which illustrate the times, and especially the manners of

the Christians in the Holy Land during the last period of the Crusades, but especially in painting the holy King in many most characteristic sketches. The chivalrous strength and firmness of St. Louis, dashed occasionally with a streak of severity, come out as perhaps the most prominent traits in the picture. Joinville tells us that at the very last moment the King almost refused to make the treaty with the emirs, although under the circumstances it was by no means too unfavourable to himself. Among other oaths which they required of him, was one which he seems to have considered disrespectful to our Lord, "that if he did not keep his faith with the emirs, he would fain be as deeply shamed as the Christian who denies God and His law, and who, in insult to God, spits on the Cross and walks upon it." "When the King heard this," says Joinville, "he said that if it pleased God, he would not take that oath. The emirs sent Master Nicolas, who knew the Saracen tongue, to the King, who said to him these words, 'Sire, the emirs are greatly displeased because they have sworn all that you have required of them, and you will not swear what they require of you, and be certain that if you swear it not they will cause you to be beheaded, as well as all your people.' The King replied that they could do as they pleased, but that he would rather die like a good Christian than live in the hatred of God and of His Mother."

The emirs happened to have in their hands the Patriarch of Jerusalem, who had obtained a safe conduct in order to negotiate the ransom of St. Louis and his army, but who had become a prisoner on account of the murder of the Sultan. The Saracens brought the Patriarch to the King, and fastened him to the pole of a tent, with his hands tied behind his back so tightly that they swelled to the size of his head, and blood issued from the nails. The poor Patriarch begged the King to take the oath, offering to take on his own soul all the sin, if any, that he would commit thereby; and there seems to have been some alteration made, for finally the emirs were satisfied.

When the payment of the ransom was made, Joinville tells us of a characteristic scene, in which he played the chief part. The King's officials had not enough money by thirty thousand *livres*, and Joinville advised him to borrow them of the Templars, whose ships were in the harbour, and who were, as it seems, the great receivers of deposits of money in those days. The Marshal of the Templars objected that they were sworn not to give up

what was intrusted to them except to the owners, and one of the commanders had some hot words with Joinville on the subject. However, the Marshal made no practical resistance when Joinville got leave of the King to go and take as much money as he wanted, with form enough of force to justify the consciences of the Templars in yielding, for, as he remarked, they had at Acre plenty of money belonging to the King, out of which he could repay them. Joinville went off to the ships, and as he was still in the miserable dress which he had worn in captivity, he was not at first recognized as the "Seneschal" of the King, but after a short parley he obtained what he wanted.

When the payment was being made, the King's counsellors urged him not to make over the money until his brother, the Count of Poitiers, had been set at liberty. But St. Louis replied that he would keep his promise, and the Saracens would keep theirs, if they wished to do well. Then he was told by "Monseigneur Philippe de Nemours" that the Saracens had been cheated of a sum of ten thousand *livres*. At this St. Louis was much displeased, and ordered the balance to be paid at once. Joinville then told him not to believe what was said, the Saracens were the sharpest men at counting in the world. "Then Monseigneur Philippe said that I said true, and that he had only spoken in joke. The King said that such a joke was out of place. 'And I command you,' said he, 'by the faith which you owe me as my vassal, that if the ten thousand *livres* have not been paid, you cause them to be paid exactly.'" Joinville describes the embarkation which ensued after the payment had been concluded, and says that the King's whole party remained a long time in silence as they were going out to the vessels which were to convey them to Acre, being all in deep affliction because the Count of Poitiers had not been set free, until suddenly a light boat approached, and the Count de Montfort called out to the King to speak to his brother, who was in that other vessel. Before the embarkation a well dressed, handsome Saracen had brought the King a present of milk and flowers, and had spoken French. The King asked him where he had learnt it, and when the poor man said that he had once been a Christian, Louis told him to go away, he would speak to him no more. Joinville took him aside, and found out that he had married in Egypt, and was a great man there. He

acknowledged that he knew that no religion but the Christian religion was true, and that he was in the way of perdition, but that he could not bear the prospect of the poverty and ignominy which awaited him if he returned to his faith.

During the voyage to Acre the King complained to Joinville of the neglect of his brothers. One day he asked what the Count of Anjou was doing, and was told that he was playing at dice with Mgr. Gauthier de Nemours. "And the King went, all tottering as he was with the weakness caused by his disease, and took the dice and the board and threw them all into the sea, and was very angry with his brother for playing at dice. But," adds Joinville, "Mgr. Gauthier was the one who got best off, for he swept into his lap all the money on the board, of which there was a great quantity, and carried it off."

The nobility of St. Louis comes out very plainly in the account given by Joinville of the discussion which took place at Acre whether the King should return at once to France, or remain in the Holy Land. Louis told his counsellors that Queen Blanche had begged him to return—there was continual war with England, and the country was in danger. On the other hand, the Christians in the Holy Land, the Templars, Hospitallers, and barons of the Kingdom of Jerusalem told him that his departure would be the signal for a general decampment, as no one could dare to remain after him. He gave his advisers a week to deliberate. During the time the Pope's Legate came to Joinville and asked him to accompany him in the voyage. Joinville told him that he would gladly sail with him, but for something that a cousin of his had told him when he embarked for the Crusade. He bade him take care how he came back, "for no knight, be he poor or rich, can come back without infamy if he leave in the hands of the Saracens the poor folk of our Lord in whose company he set out." This speech of Joinville did not at all please the Legate.

On the following Sunday, all whom Louis had consulted came to him, and Guy Mauvoisin, one of the lords, was deputed to speak in the name of all. He said that the King's brothers and other nobles were agreed in thinking that he could not remain where he was with honour to himself and his kingdom. He had only a hundred knights left out of two thousand eight hundred whom he had in Cyprus before sailing to Damietta. They advised him to return to France, there to raise men and money, and then come back and avenge himself. The Counts

of Anjou, Poitiers, and Flanders supported this opinion. The Count of Jaffa, when asked, would not speak, because his castle was on the frontier, and if he counselled the King to stay it would be said that he had been moved by his own interests. When the King ordered him to speak, he said it would be very honourable to hold on in the Holy Land for a year more. At last the Legate asked Joinville his opinion. He said he quite agreed with the Count of Jaffa. This displeased the Legate, who asked him how the King could hold his ground with so small a force as that which he had at command. Joinville replied boldly that by sending to the Morea and elsewhere knights might be induced to enter the King's service. He had been told—he knew not how truly—that up to this time the King had only spent the money contributed to the Crusade by the clergy. He might now spend his own money, and hold out a year. "And by remaining here," added Joinville, "he will cause the deliverance of the poor prisoners who have been taken captive in God's service and in his, and who will never get out of captivity if the King goes away. Now there was no one there who had not his own near friends in prison, and so no one found fault with me, but all began to weep!" Only one more, however, took the same side with Joinville, and when the council was adjourned, he had to suffer a great many reproaches from all quarters.

When the tables were set [he continues] the King made me sit by him during the meal, where he always made me sit when his brothers were not there. He said nothing to me at the time of the meal, and this was unusual with him, for he never failed to take care of me while he was eating. And in truth, I thought that he was angry with me because I had said that he had as yet spent none of his own money, and advised him to spend it freely. When the King was having grace said, I went to a barred window which was in a recess near the head of the King's bed, and put my arm through the bars, thinking that if the King went to France I would go to the Prince of Antioch, who considered me his relation, and had sent to ask me, until another Crusade came to join me in that country, by means of which the prisoners might be delivered, according to the advice given me by the Sire de Boulaincourt. Just as I was there, the King came and leant on my shoulders, and put his two hands on my head. I thought it was Mgr. Philippe de Nemours, who had caused me a great deal of pain that day on account of the advice which I had given the King, and so I said, "Leave me in peace, Monsiegnur Philippe." By accident, as he made me turn my head, the King's hand fell on my face, and I recognized that it was the King by an emerald which he had on his finger. He said to me, "Be quiet, for I want to ask you how you, who are a young man, were so bold as to dare to advise me to remain, against all the counsellors and wise

men of France, who were advising me to go." "Sire," said I, "if I had an evil heart, I would on no account give you that advice." "Do you say," said he, "that I should do an evil action if I were to go?" "Yes, sire," I said, "so may God be my help!" And he said, "If I remain, will you remain?" And I told him, "Yes, if I can, either at my own expense, or that of some one else." "Be quite at ease," he said to me, "for I am very grateful to you for the advice which you have given me, but do not tell it to any one for all this week."

The matter was ended by the King's determination to stay, on the grounds at which he had hinted when he had first asked the advice of his counsellors. France, he said, was in no real danger, the Queen-Mother had men enough to defend it. On the other hand, the Kingdom of Jerusalem would perish if he were to abandon the Holy Land; he thanked all for their advice, and promised ample pay to all who would remain with him. His brothers went back to France. It is said, says Joinville, that the King ordered them to do so, but he implies that it was probably at their own request. This was in the summer of 1250.

There are numberless interesting and striking passages in this part of Joinville's narrative, but our want of space forces us to hold our hand in selection. He tells us in one place how the King's "artilleur," Jean l'Ermin, went to Damascus to buy some materials, and fell in with an old man in the bazaar, who asked him if he was a Christian. Jean l'Ermin answered that he was, whereupon the old man told him that their must be a good deal of mutual hatred among the Christians now, for he had seen Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, who was leprous, defeat Saladin, when Saladin had seven thousand men with him against three hundred of the Christians, and now the Christians had brought things to such a pass by their sins that the Saracens took them in the open country like animals. Jean told him that he ought to hold his tongue about the sins of Christians, since the Saracens committed others far greater. The Saracen objected to this answer as foolish. He asked Jean l'Ermin if he had a child. Jean said he had a son. Which would pain him most, said the Saracen, a blow from himself or from his son? Jean said he should be more angry if his son were to strike him than if the Saracen were to do so. The old man then answered him by saying that the Christians were the sons of God, and were called Christians after His name, that He had given them teachers so that they may know when they did evil and when they did good. Therefore God was more displeased with them

for a little sin, than with the Mussulmans for a greater sin, because the latter knew nothing, and were so blind as to suppose that they would be quit of their sins if they washed themselves with water before they died, since Mahomet had told them that at their death they would be saved by water.

Joinville tells a pleasant anecdote of this same Jean l'Ermin, after their return to France. They were eating together in a tent at Paris, and a number of poor people came to besiege them with boisterous petitions for alms for the love of God. One of their suite bade a servant drive the poor away.

"Ah," said Jean l'Ermin, "you have spoken very much amiss. If the King of France were now to send to us each a hundred silver marks by his messengers, we should not drive them out, and yet you are driving out these messengers, who offer to give you all that can be given you, that is, they ask you to give to them for the love of God, you are to give them of your own, and they will give you God. God says it with His own mouth that they have power to give Him to us, and the saints say that the poor can make us at peace with Him, so that as water quenches fire, so alms quench sin. So let it never come to pass unto you, said he, thus to drive away the poor, but give to them, and God will give to you."

But we have somewhat wandered from St. Louis. One of the episodes of this time was an embassy from the Old Man of the Mountains, couched in rude and threatening terms, and asking Louis to set him free from the tribute which he paid to the Templars and Hospitallers. The King made the envoy wait till he had the Grand Masters of the two orders with him, and then bade him repeat his message. He was afraid, but gave the message when they ordered him, and was sent back with threats and a command to come back with more satisfactory proposals within a fortnight. Here is the issue of the matter—

Within a fortnight, the messenger of the Old Man of the Mountains returned to Acre, and brought the Old Man's shirt to the King, and they told the King from the Old Man, that this was a sign that, as the shirt is nearer to the body than any other garment, so the Old Man would hold the King nearer in his love than any other king. He also sent him his ring, which was of very fine gold, whereon his name was written, and he sent word that by his ring he wedded the King, for it was his desire that thenceforward they should be altogether one.

Amongst other jewels which he sent to the King he sent a crystal elephant, very well made, and a beast which is called a giraffe, also of crystal, crystal apples of various sorts, and games of tables, and chess; and all these things were covered with amber flowers, and the amber was attached to the crystal by beautiful fastenings of good fine gold. And you must know that as soon as the messengers opened the caskets containing these things, they smelt so sweet that the whole room seemed perfumed.

The King sent his messengers back to the Old Man, together with great store of jewels, scarlet stuffs, gold cups, and silver bridles, and with the messengers he sent Brother Yves, the Breton, who knew the Saracen language. And Brother Yves discovered that the Old Man of the Mountain did not believe in Mahomet, but in the law of Ali, who was Mahomet's uncle. This Ali placed Mahomet on the high point of honour which he held; and when Mahomet was established as lord of the people, then he despised his uncle, and sent him from him. When Ali saw that, he drew over to himself as many of the people as he could, and taught them a different faith from that which Mahomet had taught; whence it comes that even now all who believe in the law of Ali say that those who believe in Mahomet's law are unbelievers; and those, also, who believe in Mahomet's law say that all who believe in Ali's law are unbelievers.

One of the points of Ali's law is, that when a man lets himself be slain for doing his lord's will, his soul goes into a happier body than it was in before, and therefore the assassins do not hesitate to let themselves be slain when their lord commands them, because they believe that when they are dead they will be happier than they were before.

The other point is this, that they believe that no one can die before the day appointed for him; a thing which none ought to believe, for God has power to lengthen or shorten our lives. And this is a point which the Bedouins believe, for which reason they will wear no armour when they go to battle, for they would think that to be acting contrary to the command of their faith. And when they curse their children they say—"Cursed be thou as the Frank, who wears armour from fear of death."

Brother Yves found a book at the head of the Old Man's bed, in which were written several words which our Lord spoke to St. Peter, while He was on earth. And Brother Yves said to him—"Ah, sir! for God's sake, often read this book; for these are very good words." And so, he said, he did: "For I greatly love my lord St. Peter; for at the beginning of the world the soul of Abel, when he was slain, went into the body of Noe, and when Noe died, then it passed into the body of Abraham, and from the body of Abraham when he died, it went into the body of St. Peter, when God came on earth."

We must pass rapidly on, and omit a great deal about the issue of the negotiations of St. Louis with the Tartars, negotiations of which he seems to have repented, as well as his dealings with the Sultan of Damascus and the emirs in Egypt, who were afraid each of the other, and between whom Louis at one time seemed to hold the balance, a fact which availed him so far as to secure the deliverance of a great number of the Christian prisoners who were still in Egypt. Here is an account of the reason which prevented the King from accepting the offer made him of a free entrance into Jerusalem to satisfy his devotion as a pilgrim.

While the King was at Jaffa, he was told that the Sultan of Damascus would allow him to go to Jerusalem, and that with a good safe conduct. The King took much counsel thereupon, and the result was, that no one advised

the King to go thither, because he would have had to leave the city in the hands of the Saracens.

The King was shown an example on the matter, which was this : that when the great King Philip quitted Acre to go to France, he left all his people behind in the camp with Duke Hugh of Burgundy, grandfather of that Duke who died lately. Whilst the Duke was stopping at Acre, and King Richard of England also, there came tidings to them that they might, if they pleased, take Jerusalem the next day, because the whole strength of the chivalry of the Sultan of Damascus was gone to join arms in consequence of war which he had with another Sultan. They disposed their people, and the King of England formed the first division of the army, and the Duke of Burgundy, with the King of France's men, the next.

Whilst they were in a fair way to take the city, word was sent him from the Duke of Burgundy to go no further, for that the Duke of Burgundy was turning back for no other reason but that it might not be said that the English had taken Jerusalem. While they were thus speaking, one of his knights cried out to him : "Sire, sire, come hither, and I will show you Jerusalem." And when he heard that, he, bursting out weeping, threw his coat of arms before his eyes, and said to our Lord : "Sweet Lord, my God, suffer me not, I beseech Thee, to see Thy holy city, since I may may not deliver it from the hands of Thy enemies."

This example was put before the King, because if he, who was the greatest of Christian kings, made a pilgrimage without delivering the city from the enemies of God, all other kings and pilgrims who should come after him, would be content with having made their pilgrimage as the King of France had done, and would not trouble themselves about the deliverance of Jerusalem.

Here is a short passage which shows the piety and the thoughtfulness of St. Louis. Joinville had been absent on a dangerous expedition. On his return—

We found that the King in person had caused the bodies of the Christians whom the Saracens had slain to be buried, and he himself carried the bodies, all decaying and smelling as they were, to put them into the ground in the trenches, without ever holding his nose, though all the others did so. He caused workmen to come from all parts, and began again to fortify the city (Sayette) with high walls and towers. And when we came to the camp we found that he himself in person had measured out the ground for our tent, where we were to lodge, and he had taken a place for me next to the Count d'Eu, because he knew that the Count loved my company.

We add a passage which shows the Christian spirit among the Crusaders.

On All Saints' Day I invited all the rich men of the camp to my hotel, which was on the sea, when a poor knight arrived in a bark, with his wife and four sons that they had. I made them come and dine in my hotel, and when we had eaten, I called the rich men who were present, and said to them : "Let us give a great alms, and relieve this poor man of his children : let each take one for himself, and I will take one." Each did take one ; and they contended who should have them. When the poor knight saw that, he and his wife began to weep for joy.

Now it so chanced, that when the Count d'Eu returned from the King's hotel where he had been dining, he came to see the rich men who were in my hotel, and took from me my child, who was twelve years old; and so well and loyally did he serve the Count, that when we went back to France, the Count gave him a wife, and made him a knight. And whenever I was in the same place as the Count, hardly could he part from me, and said to me: "God reward you, sire! for you have brought me to the honour I enjoy." As to his three other brothers I know not what became of them.

The news of the death of the Queen-Mother, Blanche of Castile, which happened in November, 1252, and did not reach the Holy Land, as it seems, for several months, at length determined St. Louis to return to France, though he did not leave Acre till April, 1254. Joinville tells us how the King's resolution was communicated to him by the Papal Legate, in terms very complimentary as to the services which he had rendered, and then he adds—

The Legate rose and told me to come with him as far as the lodges, which I did. Then he shut himself up in his *garderobe*, with no one but myself, and took my two hands in his, and began to weep violently. When he could speak, he said, "Seneschal, I am very glad, and I give thanks to God for it, that the King, yourself, and the other pilgrims, will escape from the great danger in which you have been in this country. And I am sorry of heart that I must leave your holy company, and go to the Court of Rome, into the midst of those treacherous men who are there. But I will tell you what I think to do. I think to manage to remain a year after you are gone, and I desire to spend all my money in fortifying the suburb of Acre, so that I shall show them quite clearly that I bring back no money, and so they will not run after a man who has his hands empty." One time I was telling the Legate two sins which had been told me by one of my priests, and he answered me thus—"No one knows as I do all the shameful sins which are committed in Acre, and this is the reason why God must avenge them in such manner that the city of Acre must be washed in the blood of its inhabitants, and then other people come to dwell therein." The prophecy of the good man has been verified in part, for the city has been well washed in the blood of its inhabitants; but those are not yet come, who were to dwell in it, and may God send them good, and such as that they may be according to His will.

The King and Queen embarked on the eve of St. Mark, Joinville accompanying them. The King's ship ran on a sand-bank off the coast of Cyprus, and it was found afterwards that if the sandbank had not been in the way, she must have perished on some sunken rocks which lay just beyond. Joinville's description of the scene is very graphic. The ship seems to have got off very soon. Louis was prostrate with his arms in the form of a cross before the Blessed Sacrament, which seems to have been reserved, when the tidings were brought to him that

the ship was free. They sent down divers the next morning, and it was discovered that a large piece of the keel had been carried away. Louis was strongly advised to transfer himself to another ship, and was told that there would be great danger of the ship going to pieces in a rough sea. The King then asked the sailors to tell him on their honour whether if the ship were laden with merchandize of their own, they would abandon it. They replied that they would rather risk the danger of being drowned than have to buy a new ship. Why then, said he, did they advise him to disembark? They answered that the risk was not the same—no gold or silver could come up in value to his person, to that of his Queen and children. Then the King answered them, says Joinville—

“Sirs, I have heard your advice and that of my own people, and now I will tell you mine, which is this—if I disembark, there are here four hundred persons and more who will remain on the island of Cyprus, for fear of danger of their lives (for there is no one who does not love his own life as much as I love mine) and who perhaps will never return to their own country. For this reason I choose to put my person, my wife, and my children in the hands of God, rather than to cause so much harm to all these people who are on board.”

Joinville gives an instance of a French nobleman who actually stayed in Cyprus on this occasion, and for all his wealth was only able to reach France after a year and a half. The next incident in the voyage was a terrible wind, which drove the ship upon the shore of Cyprus, and against which five anchors held with great difficulty. The Queen came to Joinville in great alarm, and he advised her to promise a pilgrimage to “Monseigneur Saint Nicolas de Varangèville,” and that on that condition he would undertake to say that the Saint would procure the safe return of the King, herself, and their children. “Seneschal,” said the Queen, “I would verily do it with a good will—*mais le roi est si bizarre*, that if he knew that I had promised without his leave, he would never let me go.” Then Joinville advised her to promise St. Nicolas a silver ship, and he himself made a vow to go to visit his shrine from Joinville barefoot. The ship was afterwards duly presented. Joinville tells us of a conversation that he had with the King after the danger was passed, in which Louis spoke forcibly of the duty of humbling ourselves before God, when He sends us such dangers, which are intended to be menaces sent in order to rouse us. In the course of the homeward voyage, the fleet visited the two

islands of Lampedusa and Pantennelea. The first was found inhabited by rabbits only, but there was an old hermitage, which had evidently been inhabited at no great distance of time by more than one ascetic. Indeed, two dead bodies were found stretched out as if for burial. One of the sailors was missing when the party re-embarked, so they thought he had stayed behind in order to become a hermit, and left three large bags of biscuit on the beach, that he might have something to live upon. The other island was inhabited by Saracens, who were under the dominion of the King of Sicily and the King of Tunis, neither of whom were friends of St. Louis. Some boats were despatched, at the prayer of the Queen, to procure some fresh fruits, and they were to be ready to rejoin the fleet when the royal galley passed the little port of the island. When this time came about no boats were to be seen, and Louis was strongly urged to press on and leave them to their fate. It was thought that the Saracens had seized them. Louis was inexorable, and forced the sailors to turn back. The boats appeared after a time, and it turned out that they had been delayed because six of the crew had been too much occupied in filling themselves with fruit in the gardens of the island to attend to the call of their companions, who would not leave without them. Louis sentenced the culprits, who had caused a real delay of a week to the whole fleet, to make the rest of the voyage in a little boat towed by the ship, a punishment which was thought very severe, and which frightened them almost out of their lives, besides being considered an indelible disgrace, as it was the usual treatment, it seems, of robbers and murderers. Louis, however, would not hear of any remission of the penalty.

Joinville has other anecdotes of the voyage, how the Queen's cabin caught fire, and how a man fell overboard and was kept from drowning by Notre Dame de Vauvert—a miracle which Joinville himself commemorated by having it painted on glass in his chapel at home. When they arrived off Hyères, which belonged to the Count of Provence, brother to St. Louis, the King was with great difficulty induced to disembark. He held out two whole days against his counsellors, because it was not his own land, and wished to sail on to Aigues Mortes, which might have involved serious delay, if a contrary wind had arisen. At last he yielded. While they were at Hyères, says Joinville, the Abbot of Cluny came and made Louis and his Queen a present of two very handsome palfreys. The next

day the good Abbot had an audience about some affairs of his own with the King. Joinville, when he was gone, asked Louis whether he had listened to the Abbot with greater readiness on account of the present. The King thought for some time, and then said, "Yes." "'Sire,' said I, 'do you know why I put this question to you?' 'Why?' said he. 'Sire,' I said, 'it is because I would give you the advice to forbid all your sworn counsellors, when you come to France, to accept anything from those who have any cause to be tried before you, for be certain, that if they do, they will listen more willingly and more attentively to those who make them presents, as you have done to the Abbot of Cluny.'"

These anecdotes must suffice as specimens of this charming old chronicler, giving, unless we are mistaken, a picture of himself as well as of St. Louis. The King himself is painted, as we have seen, as a true saint, and by no means as a mere soft-hearted devotee, without energy or sagacity, unable to be severe and stern at times, as well as gentle and patient. His was, in truth, a strong character, and if he was beloved by all who knew him, he could also make himself feared. This is not the place to speak of his policy as a sovereign, for Joinville only touches lightly, as we have said, upon the greater part of his reign, and passes almost at once from his return from his first Crusade to his embarkation for his second, which ended in his death in 1270. Louis must have been much disappointed when Joinville, whom he had summoned on purpose to Paris, without telling him the reason of the summons, refused to join the Crusade. "I thought," says Joinville, "that all those who counselled him to take that voyage, committed a mortal sin, because as things then were with him in France, the whole kingdom was in good peace both within and with all its neighbours, and since he left it the state of the kingdom has done nothing but grow worse. Those who advised that voyage committed a great sin, in the great weakness in which his body then was, for he could not bear either to ride in a carriage or on horseback. His weakness was so great, that he allowed me to carry him in my arms from the lodging of the Count of Artois, where I took my leave of him, as far as to the Cordeliers. And nevertheless, weak as he was, if he had remained in France, he might still have lived some good time, and have done much good and many good works."

The latter part of Joinville's work, like the first section, is devoted to an account of the virtues of the King, his justice, his moderation, his zeal for religion, his personal piety and charity, and the numberless good works of which he was the founder. Some of these anecdotes come twice over, at the beginning of his book and at the end, as if the good old man, when writing down his recollections at the command of Jane of Navarre, wife of Philippe le Bel, the grandson of St. Louis, had rambled on without method or sufficient recollection of what he had already said. These beautiful chapters, however, are almost necessary to complete his book and to show us the intention of its writer. Incidentally, they show us St. Louis as the wisest of Christian politicians, securing his throne within by perfect justice to his subjects and by zeal for the honour of God and of religion—a zeal which did not prevent him from refusing unjust requests when made to him by bishops more eager for the maintenance of their own dignity than for the welfare of their flocks—and securing the same throne against enemies without by a singular forbearance and moderation. Thus he made a peace with England which many of his counsellors thought too advantageous to Henry the Third. St. Louis answered them that he knew very well that the King of England had no right to all that was granted him, but he had another reason. "We are married to two sisters, and our children will be first cousins, and therefore it is very important that there should be peace between them. And there is a great honour to me in the peace which I have made with the King of England, because he is now my vassal, which he was not before." He acted on the same principle of generous concession in other instances—he is said even to have been ready to restore Normandy to the English, if his own barons would let him. Joinville in the same place gives an instance of what he styles the loyalty of the King. When the seal of a charter by which he had made a certain large grant to the heirs of the Countess of Boulogne was broken, so that the deed was of no legal value, he examined the fragment that still remained, and saw that it was a part of the impression of the seal he had been accustomed to use. All his Council told him that he was not bound by the deed, but he decided to allow the grant nevertheless.

The race of St. Louis is not yet extinct, but his descendants would not be at present in the condition in which they are,

claimants to the allegiance of a people over whom they have long ceased to reign, if they had not, almost from the first generation after his death, departed so signally from the policy and the precepts of their saintly ancestor. When the Abbé Edgeworth—if the anecdote be true—stood by Louis the Sixteenth on the scaffold, and bade him, as a son of St. Louis, soar up to heaven, he uttered words which may be considered in one sense as the cruellest irony upon the line of kings whose sins were visited upon one of the most innocent of the race. It was precisely because all the principles and practices of the Bourbons had for centuries been so entirely in contradiction with the traditions of St. Louis, that the guillotine was erected in the capital of France and stained with the blood of her King. It would have been well if one passage at least of the old book before us had been written up in letters of gold in the palaces of the French sovereigns, and repeated continually in the ears of successive generations of the royal house from their earliest infancy. Joinville tells us of a bold preacher, a friar, who preached before the King soon after his landing at Hyères. "He taught the King in his sermon how he ought to conduct himself to the satisfaction of his people, and at the end he said this—that he had read the Bible and the books that are placed by the side of the Bible, and that he had never seen in the books either of believers or of misbelievers that any kingdom or lordship was ever lost, or passed from one ownership to another, or from one king to another, except for default of justice. 'And let the King take care,' said he, 'since he is going to France, to do justice to his people so well as to preserve thereby the love of God in such wise that God take not from him the kingdom of France together with his life.'"

H. J. C.

The Martyrdom of William Harrington.

WE owe an inestimable debt to Bishop Challoner. If it had not been for him, our glorious English Martyrs would have gone into complete oblivion. Protestants have no idea of the sufferings through which our Catholic ancestors passed, or what it cost them to transmit the faith to us. They have a general idea that there were once sharp penal laws against Papists, which are now very properly repealed; but they have no idea what those laws were, or how they were enforced. A convert is invariably taken by surprise when he reads for the first time Challoner's *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*. It causes him to realize, as he never did before, how completely the history of his country, that he has learnt from childhood, has come to him from the tradition of the enemies of the Church. He cannot fail to be proud of the heroic men by whom the Faith was kept alive in times of very severe persecution.

Bishop Challoner's *Memoirs* are remarkably accurate and trustworthy. That they should be incomplete, is only owing to the fact that sources of information have been opened to us that were inaccessible to him. He is careful to state in his footnotes the authorities from which he has compiled his narratives. For the greater portion of them he was indebted to the indefatigable Alban Butler. A very interesting manuscript volume is preserved at St. Mary's College, Oscott, and it is easy to recognize in it the manuscripts which Challoner used in the compilation of his book. The history of the volume is disclosed by a note in the handwriting of the Rev. Dr. Kirk of Lichfield—"Alban Butler's Collection for Bishop Challoner's *Lives of Missionary Priests*. Given me by Charles Butler, Esq." It is plain that when Challoner had finished his book, he returned the manuscript volume to Alban Butler, from whom it descended to his nephew Charles Butler. A considerable portion of the volume is in Alban Butler's hand, copied from the Douay Diaries and other manuscripts; but where he found duplicates among the Douay papers he incorporated them in his volume.

The sources from which in his turn Alban Butler derived his information are not entirely unknown to us. There is in the archives of the Archbishop of Westminster a manuscript volume that does not fall short of the preceding in interest. A comparison between them shows that many of the transcripts in the Oscott volume were made from the originals in the Archbishop's volume, that were formerly at Douay. For instance, Alban Butler copies Lady Babthorpe's "Narration," and adds, "This seems in her own handwriting, if you remember it, a large woman's scroll [scrawl], full of false spells, as *Bushup*, &c., which I make bold to correct when evidently the word meant." The original, "in a large woman's scrawl," is in this volume.¹ Again, the Oscott MS.² accounts for the omission of a few words by the note, "It is eaten off by mothes," and this occurs more than once; and these notes plainly refer to the state of the Douay MSS. at pages 102, 107, which are just as they were when Alban Butler copied them. In more than one instance the original documents are divided between the two volumes, Alban Butler apparently having sent Challoner a part of a paper without recognizing the continuation of it amongst the Douay manuscripts.

It is clear that Bishop Challoner's manuscript sources of information, as distinguished from the printed books that he used, were, in the main, Douay papers. He also acknowledges himself indebted to "the English College at St. Omers, to the English Benedictines and Franciscans; and amongst the Catholic gentry to C——t C——le, Esq., who furnished us with divers useful books and manuscripts."

The most important manuscript borrowed by Bishop Challoner from Mr. Cuthbert Constable was "The Sufferings of the English Catholics," by the Rev. Mr. Knaresborough; which it is to be hoped is still preserved at Burton Constable. It is evidently valuable, for Challoner says that his "labours have been of no small service to me, especially with regard to this [James the First] and the following reign."³

From St. Omers he seems to have received one manuscript only, which he has inserted in the Appendix to his first volume amongst the "Additions of some things omitted in their proper places that have since come to my hands." It is the narrative by Father Thomas Stanney, S.J., of the martyrdom of three laymen, who were all his ghostly children. The manuscript,

¹ P. 260.² Pp. 344, 347.³ Vol. ii., p. 19.

Challoner says, was "sent me from St. Omers." It is in the Oscott volume,⁴ and is apparently the only thing sent to Alban Butler by Challoner which had not originally come from him.

If we now ask what materials are known to exist at the present time, that were not accessible to Bishop Challoner, we are able first to name the St. Omers manuscripts. When the Society of Jesus was driven from France shortly before the Suppression, the English Fathers who had charge of the College of St. Omers, obtained leave from the Empress Maria Teresa to settle at Bruges. To this place the College was transferred in 1762. In 1773, in spite of the efforts of the Bishop of Bruges and the English Vicars Apostolic, whose letters, and amongst them one from Bishop Challoner, are in existence in the Public Archives at Bruges, the English College shared the fate of the Society to which it belonged. The papers of the other English houses in Belgium are not known now to exist, but those of St. Omers were, it is not known how or why, removed to Louvain, and thence they were sent, in exchange for other documents, to the Public Archives at Brussels, where they now are. Father Stanney's "Narrative" is amongst them, but the others there preserved were unknown to Bishop Challoner.

A still more interesting and valuable series of manuscripts, which Challoner had never seen, is now at Stonyhurst. These may be divided into two classes. There is a fine collection of original documents, of which the most precious are bound up in seven volumes, which are quoted by Dr. Oliver and Canon Tierney under the title "Angl. A." And there are also a few volumes of transcripts made in Rome by Father Christopher Grene, S.J., who died in 1697. One volume of the series, which Father Grene distinguished by letters of the alphabet, is in the archives of the Archbishop of Westminster. A little volume that belonged to the Roman papers of the English Jesuits has unaccountably found its way into the Burgundian Library at Brussels.

In addition to these two sets of documents, there are the English State Papers, to which access has but recently been permitted, and of which Challoner was consequently in ignorance. The series of State Papers is singularly imperfect, but amongst them are to be found lists of prisoners, reports of

⁴ P. 351.

examinations, confessions, intercepted letters, and other papers which will be of the greatest assistance to the future biographer of the English Martyrs.

The following papers must be considered more than a fair specimen of the fresh materials that would give a writer of our time so great an advantage over Bishop Challoner. It so happens that the case of William Harrington, priest and martyr, was one in which Challoner's materials were unusually scanty, and where, on the other hand, Stonyhurst College and the Public Record Office afford us copious information. The following papers, as far as we are aware, have not been published hitherto.

Challoner, who had nothing before him but the Douay Diary and Catalogues, could only write as follows;⁵ but the information in the first sentences admirably introduce our new documents.

William Harrington was born of a gentleman's family, at a place called St. John's Mount, in Yorkshire. He performed his studies abroad, in Douay College, during its residence at Rheims. Here he was made priest, and from hence he was sent upon the English mission in 1592. When, how, or where he was apprehended, or any other particulars of his sufferings or missionary labours, I have not been able to learn, only that he was condemned to die on account of his priestly character and functions, and for this, and] no other treason, was put to a most cruel death. Mr. Harrington suffered at Tyburn, February 18, 1594.

This date Bishop Challoner has drawn from Stow's Chronicle.

We first give the Stonyhurst narrative of the martyrdom, and then supplement it by the examination and the original letter of the martyr, preserved in the Public Record Office.

Mr. William Harrington was apprehended in May last [1593] in the chamber of one Mr. Harry Dunne,⁶ a young gentleman of the Inns of Court, by Mr. Justice Young, and by him committed to Bridewell. From thence at the next sessions, about the end of June, he was removed to Newgate, and there indicted of high treason, for that he being made priest beyond the seas, since the first year of the Queen's reign, came into the realm, &c., contrary to the statute [27 Eliz., c. 2]. Upon this indictment he was brought to the bar. The indictment

⁵ Vol. i., p. 308.

⁶ This Mr. Dunne, as will be seen by the examination, appeared before Justice Young to bear witness to the martyr's priesthood, asserting that he had heard his confession.

read, he pleaded, Not guilty; being asked by Mr. Serjeant Drew, recorder, how he would be tried, he answered, "By God and the Bench." He was told he should say, "By God and the country." He replied he would not have a jury of simple men determine of his life: the Bench were or should be wise and learned, and thereby know whether the law were a just law, and himself culpable, and other trial he would have none. He was told they would give present judgment. He said he was prepared for it. Upon this his resolution, judgment was respited, and himself carried back to Newgate. From thence he was carried to the Attorney and Solicitor, to be by them examined. From thence he was carried to the Marshalsea. He then wrote to the Lord Keeper,⁷ giving him to understand the reasons of his refusing ordinary trial, &c. He continued in the Marshalsea, sometimes close prisoner, and sometimes enjoying the liberty of the house, until the 15th February, [1593] whereas the sessions being held at Newgate, he was suddenly sent for thither, and, his former indictment being again read, he was asked whether he would yet put himself on trial upon the country. He said as before that he was still resolved not to do it. The Recorder said he deceived himself if thereby he thought to save his life, and that they might and would give him his judgment. He answered he knew very well they might, and that like judgment had been given at York against two other priests, which was sufficient precedents unto him. And as they would not lay the burden of conscience on more men—as contrivers of their death—than needs they must, so he, knowing that after the jury should pronounce him guilty, yet the Judge must give sentence, meant therefore to free the jury, and to lay all the guilt of his death on the Judge and Bench. Then said the Recorder—"It is manifest you are a priest, and coming into England with traitorous intent, and therefore I will give judgment."

"My intent," said Mr. Harrington, "in coming into England was, and is, no other than St. John Baptist's was in coming to Herod; and as he told Herod it was not lawful for him to marry his brother's wife, so I tell you my loving countrymen it is not lawful to go to church, and live in schism and heresy; so if I be a traitor, St. John was a traitor, his case and mine being all one."

Upon this, the Recorder gave judgment as in case of treason, whereat he was nothing dismayed. Then said the Lord Chief Justice unto him—"You are a young man, and the Queen is merciful; go but to church, and you may live."

Mr. Harrington turned him to the people and prayed them to note what goodly treason there was; if he would go to church he should live, but because he would not so do he must die—therefore his not going to church was all the treason. And so was removed from the Bar to Newgate, and put into one of the limboes, as the manner is. There he continued all that night, Saturday, and Sunday following. On Monday, being the 18th February, between seven and eight in the

⁷ His noble letter is given below.

morning, after he had given his benediction to some poor Catholic women that found means to visit him, and by them sent his handkerchief and some other necessities to his particular friends abroad—those poor women desiring all his point from his hose which he willingly gave them ; he was brought forth and laid on the hurdle, and, thereunto fast bound, was drawn towards the place of execution. When he was something near the place one of the sergeants told him that he had not then far to go, willed him to prepare himself to die like [a] Christian. One of Mr. Harrington's brethren being near answered the sergeant, "You need not trouble him ; you see he is willing enough to die ;" and so took his leave of him, and returned. He was no sooner gone but they said it had been a good deed to have apprehended him, and asked him what he was. He told them he was one of his five brethren, but one who had no cause to fear them, as not being a Catholic. For which cause, and to think on the lamentable estate of his poor countrymen, his very heart did bleed, and therewithal tears fell from his eyes. "Why," quoth one of the sergeants, "what think you of us?" He answered, "As of all schismatics and heretics, that, unless you repent, you cannot be saved."

Now were they come to the place of execution where ten men and thirteen women for felonies being first in hanging, and the sergeants thereabouts busied, a minister came to Mr. Harrington, and proposed many questions in divinity unto him—lying all that while on the hurdle. Mr. Harrington said, if he would stand upon one only question, which he list, and not so run from one to another, he would answer him. So, entering into disputation about St. Peter's primacy, Topcliffe came, and interrupted them, saying it was neither time or place to dispute ; but because he heard he was a gentleman, he wished him to resolve to acknowledge his treason, and to ask the Queen's forgiveness. He answered he had never offended her, and immediately was put in the cart, and, the halter about his neck, he began thus to speak. "O my loving countrymen, I thank you for your pains and patience in coming hither to bear witness of the manner and cause of my death."

Here Topcliffe interrupted him, saying he was not at home. It was no place for him to preach. "Why," said Mr. Harrington, "may I not speak?"

"Yes," said Topcliffe, "if you will speak to these three points ; that is to say, anything that tendeth to the good of her Majesty's person, the good of the realm, or the reforming of your conscience." Inferring further, that though he of himself had sufficient authority to save him, yet it might be the Sheriff had it more particularly, and therefore willed him to expect mercy, and to speak plainly what he knew of the west⁸ country, where they knew he had lived and conversed.

⁸ In this matter of the west, Topcliffe told him he should not speak of any ladies or gentlewomen with [whom] they knew he had been. Topcliffe called him traitor. He said, "Your words are no slander ; I think no man makes any account of them." *In another hand in the margin.*

He answered he knew nothing ; but Topcliffe's mercy was worse than the Turks, who, having the body in subjection, sought not to destroy the soul, but Topcliffe was never contented till he had sent both body and soul to the devil ; concluding he was a blood-sucker, and prayed God to forgive him. Topcliffe replied—"Thou liest ; and so thou didst say the Queen was a tyrant." He answered, "I say nothing of the Queen, but that I never offended her ; but I say you are a tyrant and a blood-sucker, and no doubt you shall have blood enough. And so long as you have hands and halters to hang us, you shall not want priests. We were three hundred in England, you have put to death an hundred, other two hundred are left ; when they are gone two hundred more are ready to come in their places, and for my part, I hope my death will do more good than ever my life would have done."

Being ready to be turned from the cart, a gentlemen called unto him and asked for what religion he died. "No more of that," said Topcliffe, "he dieth for treason and not for religion," and so willed the cart to be drawn away. He was forthwith cut down, dismembered, bowelled, and quartered, and commandment given that the blood should be clean dried up that no Catholics might remain. And thus he happily, with great fortitude, obtained his crown of martyrdom.

Mr. Henry Dunne, in whose chamber he was taken, was at his apprehension committed to the Clink, where he persevered very constant.⁹ His father in his lifetime had given to the Chamber of London a certain sum of money, for which they were to pay to this his son, at twenty-one years of his age, five hundred pounds if he lived so long. Being now near twenty-one, he was this last summer—the plague being then in Newgate—removed from the Clink thither, and within a few days after, he there sickened, and thereof died ; in all likelihood his remove contrived of purpose, by that mean so to make him away to defeat him of his money. It is verily reported that some of the felons were reconciled by Mr. Harrington the night before his execution. Most certain it is that some of them protested they would die of his faith, refusing to pray with the ministers.

The following tells its own story. It may be found among the State Papers by the reference.¹⁰

The examination of William Harrington taken before me, Richard Young, the 21st day of May, 1593. The said examine saith that his father dwelleth at Mount St. John, in the county of York, and that he, this examine, is of the age of twenty-seven years ; and saith that he was at Douay and Rheims about eight years past, and at Tournay in the College with the Jesuits, and then came over into England

⁹ This is unhappily not borne out by the examination. The Public Records too often make known to us the treachery or weakness of those who had a reputation for constancy amongst Catholics.

¹⁰ *Domestic, Elizabeth*, vol. ccxlv., n. 14.

because he could not have his health; and being taken at London, he was sent down to his father at the motion of the Earl of Huntingdon, and so continued in England almost seven years; and about eighteen months past he took shipping at Dover, and went from thence to Flushing and Middleburg, having acquaintance there with one Captain White, and went from thence to Douay to see his old acquaintance, and stayed there six weeks, and then went into France, and was taken prisoner into St. Quintin's, where he abode seven or eight months, and then being discharged, went to Rheims and abode there a month, and after went into Lorraine.

Being demanded whether he be a priest, he saith that he owneth not himself to be a priest, but will not directly say that he is no priest; and being charged in presence by one Henry Dunne that he said he was a priest and did shrive him, yet he will not confess it. He saith that in his return he was at Namur, Brussels, Antwerp, St. Omers, and Calais, and saw Father Holt, Mr. Bray, but not Father Hall.

Afterwards he confesseth that he was made priest at Rheims by the Bishop of Piacenza, Legate in France, in Lent was twelve months, and came into England to give testimony of God's truth, knowing that most priests were executed and the Church pulled down.

He wore a pistol which a gentleman lent him, but will not declare his name, nor where the pistol is.

Endorsed—The examination of William Harrington, priest—Concerning Bray.¹¹

The letter written by him in the Marshalsea prison to the Lord Keeper has the conjectural date of July, 1593, in the Calendar of State Papers. It is contained in the same volume as the Examination, n. 66. The affection of the martyr for Father Edmund Campion is touchingly shown by the open praise of him, certainly distasteful to the Ministers of Queen Elizabeth whom he is addressing, in the letter in which, in the only way in which he would deign to do so, he pleads for his life. He was personally acquainted with Campion in his father's house. "Mr. Smyth took him to his brother-in-law's house, Mr. William Harrington of Mount St. John, about the Tuesday in the third week of Lent [1581], where they stayed about twelve days, during which time Campion was occupied in writing his book, *De hæresi desperata*, which afterwards appeared as his *Decem rationes*. . . . Here, at Mount St. John, his conduct made such an impression on William, one of his host's six sons,

¹¹ Perhaps Bray, the occurrence of whose name was considered worthy of a memorandum, was "William Bray, a common conveyor of priests and recusants, and of naughty books over the seas, and was taken carrying the Earl of Arundel over seas" (*Lansdown MSS.*, n. 58, f. 13).

that three years afterwards he fled over sea to Rheims, and from thence came back a priest to be hanged in England."¹² William Harrington was a youth of fifteen when Father Campion thus honoured and blessed his father's house.

Right Honourable and my very good Lord,—Knowing right well your singular humanity, which even from your childhood hath grown with you, and now is not a little increased by your late honours well deserved and better bestowed, I presume the boldier to present this my simple suit, hoping your honour will not reject without cause him whom many reasons may move in some sort to protect. And if your honour desire to know that of me which others can better report—as having both certain and sufficient intelligence what I have done well or evil—I will briefly declare and request humbly your honourable patience. I am, then, by birth a gentleman, in conscience a Catholic, in profession a poor priest of the Seminary of Rheims. I lived in my country with credit and countenance fitting my calling and answerable to my father's estate. I left my country, not compelled by want or discontent, but incited thereunto by sundry examples of men of all sorts, whose innocent lives in part I know, and glorious deaths I much commended. Campion I desired to imitate, whom only love to his country and zeal of the house of God consumed before his time. I dispute not how true his accusations were, nor yet of what credit were those men whose testimonies, though scant agreeing, yet were received, to our great loss and his eternal gain. And here your honour shall give me leave in my conscience to think in that man no treason to her Majesty, no hurt to his country, for whose good he so willingly and mildly offered his life. Neither doth my conscience accuse me—before God I speak it—of any treachery, which I always, even from my cradle, abhorred, in thought, word, or work, against my prince or country, for whose good and at whose appointment I am ready and willing to lease my life and liberty; yea, twenty lives, if so many God had lent. And how dangerous a man soever I seem to some that know me not, yet fear I nothing, that if your lordship shall vouchsafe with indifferent mind to examine my going and coming home, my behaviour since, and manner of life, it shall be a sufficient argument of my simple mind and sincere intention, free from all disloyalty, and abhorring from [my heart] all treacherous practices, wherein I boldly profess and protest myself ignorant. And hence it proceeded, my good lord, that hearing those bitter terms of treason

¹² Mr. Simpson's *Life of Campion*, p. 187. "William Harrington, of St. John's Mount, who kept Campion secretly a long time" (September 10, 1586. *Harleian MSS.*, n. 360, f. 12). The singular veneration in which Father Edmund Campion was held is curiously shown by the fact that Father William Weston changed his name for that of Edmunds from affection for him; and it would seem for the same reason, Edward Campion, the martyred secular priest, "called himself Campion, but his name indeed is Edwards" (*Ibid.*, f. 25).

and traitor so oft redoubled against me—which a guilty conscience in me could never have endured—I was not much amazed, nor yet much troubled with those popular outcries of “Hang him ! hang him !” since I knew that, to an innocent mind, even ignominy itself is in the end glorious. Now to argue with my judge, and whether my punishment be justly inflicted, it were a controversy without end or profit, since I must still plead innocence, and your honours need not believe me. Then only this much I coldly say, and may I hope without offence still say, that if the cause which I defend be good, my imprisonment and prosecution must needs be *propter justitiam*, and so by consequent, I happy, if I persevere. This granted, I shall never be found a traitor, but that law too severe, and to be abrogated, or at least mitigated, which, though it make my religion, or rather my function, treason, yet can it never make me an enemy to God, my prince, nor my country. On the other side, prove my cause nought, and undoubtedly I must yield myself a traitor to Almighty God, and a seducer, not instructor, of my liege’s people ; and then all punishment too little, and death itself too merciful. Again, if to be a priest be a perfection and dignity in Christian religion ; if to do my function wheresoever I am sent to be a thing now of necessity according to that of the Apostle, *Via mihi si non evangelizavero*—then shall it invincibly follow that I suffer for religion, for my conscience, for God’s cause and Church ; although it be alleged against me never so much, *Nos legem habemus, et secundum legem debet mori, quia sacerdotem Dei se dicit*. If all this be contrary, my religion error, my faith opinion, and my expectation frustrate, then *vere miserabilior sum omnibus hominibus*. All this, my good lord, under correction, I speak to let your honour see how far my thoughts have hitherto been from such practices as I always condemned in others, and most of all should detest in myself, and that what I have done since my coming into England hath only appertained to my function, which I take to be none other than, according to the talent God hath given me, to endeavour to call men from vice to virtue, to awake men out of the dangerous sleep of inconsideration, wherein most now-a-days have perished ; and lastly, to administer to all such as do worthy fruits of penance the sacraments of God’s Church, which are conduits of His grace, not once meddling with matters of State, as being not comprehended within my commission, and, to say truly, far exceeding my simple reach and capacity. Furthermore, if my boldness and resolute answers, as some term them, move any man, I desire him to remember that even nature and my bringing up, which hath not been illiberal, always taught me in a just cause to be assured and confident ; and more than this, in His cause my Saviour expressly commandeth me not to fear those who, having in ignominious sort hanged or quartered my body, have then no more whatever to do with me. And, for my own part, I protest sincerely unto your honour that, after once I had determined this course, which at God’s good pleasure and yours I

shall consummate, I made no more account of life, or any worldly pleasure, but, sleeping and waking, death was the continual object of my mind, the end of my desires, and the greatest honour which in this world I expected as the reward of my long and painful labours. And, this well considered, who will blame me if I replied boldly, when and where by so doing, my sincere dealing, my innocent and loyal heart, my quiet conscience, which is never coined¹³ with treacherous intents, might best be manifested to all the world? Now that, contrary to this my account and beyond all hope and expectation both of friends and enemies, I live still, through mercy of my prince, whom the laws established could not have spared, I do so much the more wonder at, by how much the less I find in myself any cause thereof, and grieve the more because I know not by what means I may, if not requite, at least endeavour to requite, so strange and undeserved courtesies. And whereas her gracious Majesty is perhaps informed that I—*minimus apostolorum*—as one that knew much, might and could reveal many things necessary to be known in these dangerous times; and whereas upon such information I am urged, much against my conscience and profession, to bewray those who to me, forsaken of carnal friends, have been in the stead of parents, I solemnly protest unto your honour, and by the faith in which I desire and hope to be saved, I swear, first, that as I had sworn within my heart never to admit, nor lodge therein, any thought or intention prejudicial to her Majesty or my country, so was I never made privy to any such plot or practice contrived by any other, in what sort or sorts soever. And if, in this behalf, my oath and protestation seem to your honour not worthy credit, I refuse no trial your lordship will appoint to prove herein my innocency and ignorance; although I am not ignorant that by my oath of allegiance taken before the Commissioners I stand bound before God and man to give notice hereon according to my knowledge. As for the bewraying¹⁴—or, rather, betraying—of my friends, since I dare swear for their fidelity to her Majesty and crown, and am assured that such my bewraying could in no sort do my prince or country service, but give occasion and opportunity to their enemies; I hope, in all humanity, I may be pardoned, and wish not to live with such a spot of infamy, more intolerable far than death itself. And therefore, to conclude, my very good lord, if it may any way stand with her Majesty's favourable proceedings, and with the pleasure and good liking of her most honourable Council, to grant me life or liberty with such conditions as I may observe without prejudice to my conscience and profession, I will unfeignedly account my life received again by her Majesty's mercy and your honour's

¹³ "Coined," that is, stamped, bearing an impression as medals do.

¹⁴ This is an interestingly late instance of the distinction between the two words *bewray* and *betray*, the original meaning of the former being simply "to discover," without the sense of treachery which properly belongs to the latter.

singular favour. I will endeavour by all means to deserve it; and when no other mean is left, I will remain a poor beadsman for her Highness and my country, in which I found so gracious and benign a princess to me, a man of so small desert. And if otherwise I shall be thought altogether unworthy of such extraordinary favour, I will, nevertheless, in all joy and patience expect my final sentence, and most willingly resign myself to the holy disposition of Almighty God and your most grave determination, standing myself, as it were, *in equilibrio*, ready to embrace most thankfully what shall be appointed. And thus, requesting humbly your honour to pardon my boldness, to accept in good part my tedious letter, and referring myself to your lordship in all things reasonable, I leave to trouble you, and remain,

Your honour's most humble suppliant,

WILLIAM HARRINGTON.

Endorsed—To the Right Honourable and my very good Lord, Sir John Puckering, Lord Keeper of the Broad Seal of England, and one of her Majesty's most honourable Privy Council.

Endorsed by Sir John Puckering—"Harrington's, the Jesuit's, letter to me."

The Lord Keeper has no doubt used the word "Jesuit" without intending that Harrington was a member of the Society. It appears however that the martyr was once desirous of admission, and it is probable that he was a novice in the Novitiate at Tournay. He has told us in his examination that "he was at Douay and Rheims about eight years past, and at Tournay in the College with the Jesuits, and then came over into England because he could not have his health." He has forgotten to say that he returned to England from Rheims before he went to Tournay. This we learn from the confession of Ralph Miller,¹⁵ taken before Justice Young, October 9, 1584, who after mentioning a Mass at which he had been present at Lord Vaux' house at Hackney, "on Sunday was fortnight," mentions the future martyr in the following terms. "There is a young man named William Harrington, [who] came from Rheims about a month past, who lieth at a tailor's house next to the White Horse in Holborn, on this side Fetter Lane, where two of his brethren lie also. The said Harrington was at the Mass at the Lord Vaux' aforesaid, with this examinee, and is very desirous to be a Jesuit, and would fain send over his elder brother. The said Harrington knoweth of priests lying about

¹⁵ *Domestic, Elizabeth*, vol. clxxiii., n. 64.

Kentish Town." The marginal note to this is, "William Harrington, a young vowed Jesuit."

Another mark of his intimacy with members of the Society is given in the following passage of the same man's confession. "There is a little fellow called Ralph, who is in England for Father Persons, is a great dealer for all the Papists. He is a very slender brown little fellow, of whom Harrington can tell more certainly." This was the admirable lay-brother, Ralph Emerson, whom Father Campion used to call his "little man"—*homulus meus*, and who at this time was in prison in the Poultry, having just returned to England with the saintly Father William Weston, *alias* Edmonds. The ill health that cut short William Harrington's noviceship has deprived the Society of Jesus of the honour of counting his name on the roll of its English Martyrs.

J. M.

Some Early Spanish Poetry.¹

THE reign of Juan or John the Second of Spain, which began in the year 1406, was marked by two distinct political aspects, and by its extraordinary literary fertility. His father, Enrique or Henry the Third, was a wise and intelligent monarch, under whom, and his Chancellor, Don Pedro Lopez de Ayala, Castile flourished and prospered. Ayala was a historian and a poet, of the grave, practical, austere and loyal old Spanish type, and did much by his erudition and cultivated, though antique, taste, towards exciting the singular literary movement of the next reign. Juan the Second seems to have filled in Spain, and after the Spanish manner, the place which René of Anjou occupies in the history of France. His Court was a veritable Court of minstrels and troubadours, while at the same time the kingdom was a prey to alternately triumphant factions, and its history was, on its surface, a mere tissue of plots, seditions, fanatical conspiracies, and wild tales of revenge and bloodshed. Underneath and through these apparently most adverse outward circumstances, ran a stream of the brightest and gayest romance, when bishops, nobles, knights, merchants, and working artisans, alike made and recited verses and even long poems, learned by heart the romances of the trouvères and troubadours, which they met together in the motliest crowd of blue-blooded grandees, shoemakers, tailors, and "converted Jews," to recite and discuss, or perhaps to translate and imitate.

If the documents of the time were destroyed [says M. de Puymaigre], one would naturally conclude that it was an epoch of prosperity and repose. Looking at those innumerable songs, the tranquil discussions, the little verses of gallantry, the literary trifles so patiently elaborated—seeing the whole nation taking part one and all in such intellectual triflings—one would imagine that Spain was then enjoying a long and unmolested repose. And how far removed this would be from the truth !

¹ *La Cour Littéraire de Don Juan II., Roi de Castille.* Par Le Comte de Puymaigre, &c. Paris : Franck, 1873.

In fact, Don Juan's reign was so complete a Babel of treason, faction-fights, strange, heroic adventures, and changes from hand to hand of power—the overleaping ambition of the Constable, Don Alvaro de Luna, very generally the motive-power of the cabal—that the poor King might well turn to poetry and literary resource as a humanizing repose. According to his enemies' account, De Luna seems to have been, in the end, so overweening and bold, that Don Juan's strong attachment at last gave way to a faction opposed to the Constable, and he signed his death-warrant, after which, torn with remorse, he soon followed him to the grave.

In between the factious wars and disturbances of the kingdom, which we seem now completely to understand from their modern imitations in Spain, came the interlude of the "holy wars" with the Moors, like the recurrence of solemn music in a drama. There never was a time when the utmost romance of lofty chivalrous sentiment was carried to such an excess, and the spirit of the heroes of the Round Table and of the Paladins of Charlemagne, was grafted strongly upon the rough ferocious old stock which produced the *Poem* and rhymed *Chronicle of the Cid*. *Amadis of Gaul* had newly appeared, and it was in Don Juan's reign that Quiñones held the famous "passage of arms" for a whole month, in which he and his followers bound themselves to break three hundred lances before they could be freed from the obligation of wearing an iron collar every Thursday in honour of his lady-love. Quiñones and his contemporary Macias, took as their patterns, one the Knights of the Round Table, the other the Provençal troubadours, whose verses and spirit had taken firm root in Spain. But, as in Spain everything must be grafted upon faith and religious dogmas, chivalry ran greater riot in that grand old nation than elsewhere. *Don Quixote* followed *Amadis of Gaul*, and the knightly service of feudal chivalry took the form of actually parodying the most sacred mysteries and acts of religion. Men had the inconceivable audacity to write the Penitential Psalms, the Ten Commandments, and even the Mass of Love; profane litanies were composed and sung, substituting the names of illustrious ladies for those of the saints, and it is even supposed that our common use of the word "passion," sprang out of the parodies upon the mysteries of the sufferings and death of Christ.

The most senseless and hair-brained services were requested on their side, by ladies, of their suitors and followers. For

instance, a popular song or ballad describes Donna Ana de Mendoça, who, when walking one day in the palace gardens, surrounded by a brilliant ring of knights and ladies, came to the barred cages or caves where, according to an old Spanish custom lions were kept. Ana dropped her glove carelessly into the den and said—"Who among all these noble knights is bold enough to fetch me my glove? I pledge my word that whoever does so shall be marked by my favour above all others." A knight named Don Manuel de Leon, instantly drew his sword, wrapped his cloak round his arm, and went down into the lion's den, while every one in the circle looked on with "bated breath," till he returned, safe and sound, with the glove in his hand. He quietly struck Donna Ana a good buffet on the face with the long glove, and then giving it back to her said—"Take it! And another time remember not to endanger a good man's life for a wretched glove! If any one disapproves of my words, let him say so now." But Donna Ana was not the least angry, and would not allow any of the knights to take up her quarrel. She praised Don Manuel and said she would marry him, for he had shown that he was not afraid to tell the truth, and she hoped he would always carry out the proverb—"He who loves well, punishes well."

Dante raised the half-idolatrous reverence for women to the utmost height in Spain. After his model, Juan de Mena wrote his *Labyrinth*, the most original and remarkable of all the imitations of the *Divina Commedia*. And thereafter sprang up that same marvellous compound of contradictions, which is seen in its perfection in the Italian men of letters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; who, while Catholics, and excellent Catholics in dogma, still wrote and talked like pagans; affected the philosophy of the Greeks, arguing it out upon pagan grounds, and overwhelmed their poems with quotations and ideas from Virgil, Seneca, and Ovid. Those who have studied the strange and interesting populations of Provence and Languedoc, will recall their astonishment at the extensive admixture of sorcery and half-heathen superstitions coexistent with a lively faith in Christian truths. On both sides of the Pyrenees we find that in the fifteenth century, magic was nearly equally invoked, and the stars consulted to learn future events; while the influence of the troubadours of Provence, who crossed the Pyrenees and were warmly welcomed in Aragon and Castile, tended in a like direction.

A two-fold blot, therefore, according to our ideas, shocks us in much of the earlier literature of the Latin races, especially the Spanish and Italian. While largely affecting classical heathenism, the poets borrowed much of their metaphor and symbol from the dogmas of faith, with which the Spanish mind, in particular, is thoroughly steeped. And at the same time, the ascetic writers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, in their turn, drew their expressions and similes from the warm language of earthly passion, which shocks our feelings in another direction as much as the over-free and abundant use of the most sacred mysteries and symbols of our faith.² M. de Puymaigre, for instance, makes notable mention of the *Cancionero de Baena*, written by a Cordovan converted Jew, Juan Alphonzo, in the reign of Don Juan the First—a long, rambling poem, which by its full, distinct, and minute details, gives the most vivid impression of Spanish life in his time. In it can be plainly seen, as in a picture, the mailed knights, the cowed monks, the brocaded ladies, a crowd of converted and unconverted Jews, Arabian physicians, doctors of theology, the “nuns of Seville, who indignantly deny that the nuns of Toledo are as beautiful as themselves,” the wandering beggars, Moors, and gipsies; in fact, the whole richly coloured and dramatic popular life which fills the poet’s canvas as it filled the streets and *plazas* of the Spanish cities in his day. In this strange “song,” provincial rounds and “jingles,” sacred hymns, theological discussions, Dantesque visions, gross immoralities, refutations of Judaism, and solemn reflections upon death and eternity, are all mixed together in the wildest manner. At the same time, beyond what in many ways must be called its literary merit, the *Cancionero de Baena* gives an insight into his time which no history can possibly do. Throughout it, however, as M. de Puymaigre observes, there is a flavour of the converted, or possibly “more or less converted” Jew, and of the man of the people, who probably took a true Sancho Panza view of those above him.

Quite another spirit is apparent in the poetic prose of the *Cronica del Condestable* or *Cronica de D. Alvaro de Luna*, which gives a full and highly coloured account of the character and death of the great Constable, Don Alvaro de Luna, and which

² It would not, obviously, be well to multiply examples; but a Spanish poet, Carvajal, as a lover, says, “Patience, my heart, and seek not to despair, for after the passion comes the resurrection.”

is reckoned one of the noblest and most striking historical chronicles produced by the middle ages; though like so many other of the finest contemporary works, whether of literature or art, the author of it is unknown. Moved probably by the deadly hatred of his Grand Justiciary, the only officer whose power was greater than De Luna's, Juan the Second reluctantly signed his death-warrant, and Don Alvaro was executed in the great square at Valladolid. There—

Near the Franciscan Convent, a fresh scaffold had been raised, for so new a thing had never been seen in Castile, the execution of so great a lord, condemned to death by the King, and cried by the crier. When the scaffold was dressed and ready as was becoming for so great a death, and a rich carpet spread upon it, Diego Lopez de Estuñiga [the Justiciary], with men-at-arms, went to seek the glorious Constable in his dwelling, who was then with his confessor. He was bidden to come down and to mount his mule which stood there saddled. He came down immediately, and the monks with him. The trumpet then sounded a sad and mournful cry, and the crier began his lying cry. Ah, yes, my God, manifestly a cry of falsehood. The brave and most blessed master mounted his mule with the same aspect, the same demeanour, and the same calmness, as in the days of his bygone happy life. His mule was housed in mourning, and he himself had on a long black cloak; and as it is told of the martyrs that they went with a joyful countenance to meet death for Christ's sake, so in like manner did the blessed master pass along, untroubled in his aspect, to taste and feel the savour of death, knowing that he was innocent, without blame and without reproach toward the King his lord; and that because he had ever been to him good, blameless, and loyal, therefore the death he was about to die had been meted to him. He trusted in God and held it for sure that God would show him His grace, and that He had willed this to be so that his past sins might be expiated by this sudden and violent death. For we may not doubt that to all those who die in the holy Catholic faith and like Catholic Christians, death is a cause of merit, and gives those who accept it the lot of the blessed. This is witnessed by the God and Man Who says in His Gospel, "Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." We cannot doubt therefore that those are like the martyrs, who for the faith alone courageously suffered death and martyrdom. The Holy Church calls them blessed, as this history has called and still calls blessed, the illustrious master and Constable, who with such patience (which is reckoned the highest virtue), and being so wholly innocent, put himself under the sharp and cutting knife. The blessed Constable, therefore, went along upon his mule, as we have said, accompanied by the venerable monk, to the scaffold. Having mounted to where the carpet was laid, he took off his hat, and gave it to one of his pages, named Morales. The blessed master then arranged the mantle which covered him, in decent folds, and as the executioner told him that it would be necessary to tie his hands, or at least his thumbs, lest he should make efforts to seize the knife in the struggles of death, he took up the lace of a kind of scarf he wore, and gave it to the executioner, who bound his thumbs with it. Then he recommended his soul to God, and the executioner

severed the head. . . . Consider, O reader, that a thing passed at that moment worthy of being noted, and even of being held marvellous. When the blessed master was led to death (one cannot say to justice, for contrary to all justice he was slain), those who came to look on showed no sadness in their deportment or in their faces; they were as men who come to see some strange thing which does not happen every day; and in truth such a thing was never yet known in Castile. . . . When the executioner flashed his sharpened sword into the blessed master's throat, there arose on all sides such grievous, sad, and deep groans, such resounding and despairing cries and groans of anguish, that one would have thought every man as well as woman there had beheld his own father or best beloved being slain. So died the glorious, the renowned, the good, and blessed master and Constable of Castile, in the manner which has here been told. May God receive his soul. We may piously believe that his place is among God's chosen. . . . His well obeyed and well beloved lord and King commanded him to be put to death, and in so commanding, can with truth be said to have slain himself also, for after this death he himself lived only one year and fifty days: days full of remorse and suffering.³

Like most of the prominent men of his day, Don Alvaro was a writer both in prose and in verse. His verses are of his time also, a mixture of graceful, extravagant riddles in rhyme, and glaring irreverence, not to say impiety. His prose work, *On Illustrious Women* (*De Claris mulieribus*) shows learning and a variety of reading far beyond any contemporary of other countries. He quotes from the classic poets and historians, the Bible and the Fathers of the Church. The first book is on the celebrated women of Scripture, the second of Roman and other Pagan women, and the third of Christian women; but not those of Spain, fearing, no doubt, to excite an amount of enmity and jealousy which it would have been difficult to meet.

A host of writers then sprang up, who made it their business to revile, instead of glorifying, women; and it is needless to say that the chief of these are not edifying reading. Even the *Corbacho*,⁴ of Alphonso Martinez di Toledo, archpriest of Toledo, though intended by him to be a moral and useful treatise, fell into too vivid descriptions of what is evil and degrading. He gives, however, an amusing picture of a woman's critique upon women, which is also a curious inventory of the dress of the times.

To a woman nothing ever seems right, neither this nor that. Everything must be criticised, at church as well as in the square. Just listen—"Pouf! how such a one was dressed out on Easter Sunday! Good scarlet cloth

³ *Cronica del Condestable*, tit. cxxviii.

⁴ Cord of bulls, hide, or sinews.

with trimmings of marten fur ; Florentine skirts, with a border of a hand's breadth ; a train ten hands' long sweeping the dirt, furred with *camocas* [a rich embroidered silk stuff], and an overcloak furred with zibuline, with a collar down to the middle of the shoulders. Sleeves of brocade, with gold paternosters [great bows] of twelve. Long earrings fill her neck, and network so full of silver that it hurts the eyes. . . . In the chignon are gold combs, and cambric embroidered with fig-leaves. . . . She might have been the Queen of Saba. . . . Bracelets of amber and gold ; ten or twelve rings, two diamond, a sapphire, two emerald ; marten-fur gloves, which she breathes upon and rubs over her face to give it more brilliancy, . . . well washed with distilled waters. Her boots half a foot high, brocaded. Six women surrounded her, one girl to carry her train, one with peacock's feathers to brush away the flies, . . . pomaded, scented, and her eyebrows civit-perfumed. . . . And this Marie Merga actually believes that she is worth all that."

It is impossible in these few pages to enter fully into the distinctions and classes of Spanish poetry, many of which are derived from those of the *trouvères* and *troubadours*. For instance, the "tensons," probably contentions ; and bright, sparkling "jocs," or *jéus*, or games at disputation, such as the *requestas*, when puzzling questions were asked and answered in rhyme. One of these trifling fanciful disputes occurs in the *Cancionero* of Juan Alphonzo, when the colours, red, green, and black, demand of "Dan Cupid"⁵ which of them was the highest.

Three colours, Red, and Green, and Black,
 Stood eager, side by side,
 Before Dan Cupid on his throne,
 Their merits to decide.

First Red came forth, with flashing eye,
 "I claim the crown!" he cried ;
 "I clothe the Pope and cardinals,
 And emperors in pride."

Next Green, more modestly, broke in,
 "Be mine," he said, "the prize ;
 When spring unfolds her fairest sheen,
 My colours win all eyes.

"The sweet May rose by me is dressed,
 On velvet carpet green,
 Ten thousand flowers spread their cups,
 The nightingale I screen."

With gentle voice and looks downcast,
 Black urged his lowly plea :
 "I cannot praise myself like these,
 Nor flaunt my claim with thee.

⁵ Don Amor.

"To love and lovers am I dead,
My liv'ry all too sad ;
Yet judges, doctors, lawyers sage,
In my dun robes are clad.

"Gravè priests and prelates don my garb,
They love my weed austere ;
Then though thou rul'st another realm,
Let justice now appear."

There is another sparkling trifle in the *Cancionero*, but quoted from Gomez Perez Patiño, who seems to have flitted like a butterfly through the stormy days in which he lived. The sharp, clear, graceful ring of the Spanish is quite lost in the translation.

Gay laughter rules its summer time,
There are dull days for streaming tears ;
In hours of giving stay your fears,
For see, alas ! the clock's sure chime
Will bring for thee the asking years.
Whate'er betides, the wise man wins his way
Through shine and storm, with strength for changing day.

Some of the prettiest of the various divisions of early Spanish poetry were the least esteemed by their authors, though they are read by us with the most pleasure. There are the *villancicos* and *serranillas*, a sort of eclogue or light pastoral song. One of these, by the Marquis de Santillana, called a *vaqueyra* in Provençal (from *vachère*, cow-keeper), has been roughly rendered to give an idea of the style. It must be premised that "shepherdess" has been substituted for the more unmanageable "cowherd."

THE SHEPHERDESS OF FINOJOSA.

Never on the frontier steeps,
Never yet was beauty seen,
Like the shepherdess who keeps
The flocks of Finojosa.

Near by Calatravegna,
Near by Santa Maria,
Stony rocks and cliffs uplift
Barren peaks with split and rift.
There I laid me down and slept,
There above me softly stept,
Spinning as she sang, "O la !"
The maid of Finojosa.

O'er the turf she glided soft,
Quickly then I sprang aloft.

Other shepherds spoke her fair,
 Praised her purple-shining hair ;
 Her deep-fringed lids so lowly,
 Her upraised eyes so holy.
 Nothing could I say but " Ah !
 Sweet maid of Finojosa ! "

Never April's freshest rose,
 Burst its prison to uncloze,
 Fragrant beauty like to thine,
 In the morning dew to shine.
 Once to see thee, farewell, peace,
 Never more my heart release ;
 Rashly I have met thee. Ah !
 Bright maid of Finojosa.

What could urge such sleep unwise ?
 Better ne'er uncloze her eyes,
 Waking thus to stand at gaze,
 Lost my freedom in amaze.
 Captive, I in chains am bound,
 Speak she must to swage my wound.
 " Maid ! " I cry, " Oh ! tell me where
 The Rose of Finojosa ? "

Smiled the maid, yet spinning still,
 Ne'er a look for good or ill,
 " What you mean I well should know "—
 Softly dropped those words so low—
 " Shepherd, spare your needless pain,
 Never speak of love again ;
 Love is not for me. O la !
 Poor maid of Finojosa ! "

Among the multitude of quips and cranks, puzzles, disputes, and ingenious, but distorted fancies, of the multitude of examples given or spoken of by M. de Puymaigre, we a little regret that he has not given us a few of the hymns, and stirring, marching war songs, for which Spain is renowned ; and which, apart from literary merit, would leave a deeper and loftier impress on the character and mind. Our own readers will perhaps recall a paper on the Records of Provence, pointing out the genuine religious life underlying the froth, or scum of its frivolous and often ribald literature. It is very certain that underneath a similar literature in Spain, teeming with outward irreverence and glaring over-familiarity with sacred names and things, there are abundant records, both in verse and prose, with which we should like to be acquainted ; of men who knew how to live and how to die, like Don Alvaro de Luna.

E. B.

The Letters of St. Bernard.

PART THE SECOND.

WE have made a study of the letters of St. Bernard, in order to form an idea of the way he carried supernatural principles into the many duties in which the authority gained by his holiness and the consequent respect of all classes, involved him. The Saint's cell at Clairvaux has been described as the centre of more State business and intrigue than any Court, and most certainly it proved to him very far from that entire retreat from the world which he had hoped to find. His early life of close communing with God; those long hours of prayer and of labour that interrupted not his prayer; that welcome time of leisure when he buried himself in the study of the Holy Scriptures and the Fathers, all must have endeared more and more to him the peace, the joy, the holiness of that blessed monastic life. Then, too, what a pleasure must it not have been to his fatherly heart to gather so many happy children around him, to watch their development in holiness, to be himself the trusted guide, the loved confidant of all their steps in the spiritual life? But he was here not to do his own will, but his Father's. When those who needed his aid came knocking at the door of his cell he could not refuse to stretch out a helping hand. He blames himself indeed for his reluctance; he tells us that the pleasures of a book made him sometimes slow to obey the call of those who called for his help, that he was too loath to leave his dear retirement. But soon he learned to leave God for God, and henceforth the many troubles of the Church, the innumerable calls made on him by individuals, gave him no repose. In glancing at some of the storms through which St. Bernard helped to steer the Church, in calling to mind some of the abuses within her pale which he so undauntedly denounced, it may be a consolation to us to institute a comparison with our own time. We have great troubles. The Church is going through severe tribulation; but are things much worse than they were in the twelfth century? Our enemies are more universally triumphant, but are evils as deeply rooted in the Church herself? She has many open foes; but her children, we may hope, are sincere. And as then the rapid growth of the severe Cistercian Order was a protest against the disorders and ambition of men, may it not be that the multiplication of orders of charity, the work of foreign missions, the devotion to the

Holy See, and the like hopeful signs, may be harbingers of blessings to our own age?

The most laborious of all the public cares which devolved on St. Bernard was his connection with the schism of the Antipope Peter de Leone, who took the name of Anacletus. From 1130 to 1138 St. Bernard rested not from his efforts to end the unfortunate division which rent Italy, France, and England. Many of the letters he wrote on the subject are argumentative, going fully into the facts of the question. But there, as is the case with so many questions, a right will was often more difficult to secure than the guidance of the intellect to the truth. St. Bernard was in his element when he could appeal to the consciences of men. One of the chief supporters of the Antipope in France was Gerard, Archbishop of Angoulême, who had joined Leo in order to secure to himself the dignity of Legate which he had been deservedly refused by Innocent. St. Bernard strengthens his appeal to the Archbishop's suffragans against their Superior by a word on the Church—

The Archbishop receives from a sacrilegious hand the wickedly coveted dignity, and fears not to open again with a cruel wound the Side of the Lord of glory. For he is dividing the Church for which that Side was opened on the Cross, destined, I doubt not, in his turn too, to look on Him he has pierced. That Lord assuredly shall be recognized when He judges, Who now that He is being injured remains unknown. For when He begins to give judgment for all who suffer injury, think you He will turn a deaf ear to His most beloved Bride, rising to speak against those who have so straitened her? Will He not acknowledge bone of His bone, flesh of His flesh, aye, and even in a way, spirit of His spirit? She in good truth is that beloved one whose beauty He has desired, whose form He has taken on Himself, in whose chaste and continual embrace He has with wondrous condescension locked Himself, that they may be one in the flesh who are some day to be one also in the spirit. Though she had known Christ according to the flesh, yet now she will not recognize Him; for the spirit before her face is Christ the Lord; and clinging to Him she will be one spirit when death has been absorbed in victory, when the weakness of the flesh has waxed strong in the might of the spirit, when the Bridegroom of glory has set her in glory before Him—His dove, His perfect one, His fair one.

In this paper we can of course quote only striking passages, but the reader must not forget that St. Bernard appealed to the will only after convincing the intellect. The letter quoted from extends over many pages, and sifts the whole question, contrasting the elections, the personal characters of the claimants, the number and worth of their supporters. The above passage at least shows us the thoughts that animated the Saint himself, and urged him to try and kindle a like zeal in others.

In flowers we look for fragrance, in fruit for flavour. Roused, my dearest brother, by the fragrance of your good name, which is as oil poured out, we long now to know you also by the fruit of your works. Not we alone, but God Himself Who wants nothing, yet in this juncture requires your aid, if you prevaricate not. Honourable is it to you that it is in your power to aid; to have the power and not to use it would be a crime. You have grace before God and man, you have learning, you have freedom of soul, you have

a quickening, powerful, and well-seasoned speech. It is not then right that you, the friend of the Bridegroom, possessing such great powers, should fail the bride in her hour of need. A friend is tested in danger—and will you rest when mother Church is in the storm? Quiet has had its day, and holy seclusion has so far been lawfully enjoyed. But now is the time for action.

This was St. Bernard's appeal to Godfrey of Loroux, afterwards Archbishop of Bordeaux. He would allow no mere good wishes, no neutrality in the hour of trouble. Still more urgent is he with William, Count of Poitiers, a kinsman of his own, whose position as a temporal prince, made interference with public evils an imperative duty.

I cannot any longer pass over your fault in silence, since you are my kinsman by birth and dear to me by affection. If a private individual falls into error, he perishes alone; but a fault in a ruler draws many with it, and injures all over whom he rules. We are not put in authority to ruin others, but to guide them. He by Whom kings reign has set us over His people for their protection, as the servants, not the lords of His Church. . . . Can your counsellors persuade you that the whole Church is reduced to the household of Peter de Leone? Liars are they, whom with their captain, Antichrist, the Truth by the breath of His Mouth destroys, saying by the mouth of David that she is extended to the bounds of the earth and to all the households of the Gentiles. . . . Safer is it for you, my dear kinsman, to receive the Pope who is over all, and not to separate yourself from the unanimous consent of the whole world. It is honourable and secure for you to acknowledge him whom every religious order and all kings have acknowledged.

This is much the argument which he used before Roger, King of Sicily, the principal supporter of the Antipope, in his well known address to Pisanus, the only Cardinal who had remained with the pretender.

Charity compels me to speak to you [said the Saint] because Peter de Leone is tearing and rending the tunic of the Lord, which in the day of His Passion neither heathen nor Jew presumed to injure. . . . There was but one ark, and no one doubts that it was a figure of the Church. But a new ark has been fashioned of late, and as there are two, one must needs perish and go to the bottom. If the ark over which Peter presides be the true one, the ark which Innocent rules must be destroyed. The Eastern Church then must perish, the whole Western Church must perish, France must perish, Germany must perish, the Spaniards and the English and all foreign nations must perish. The Orders of Camaldoli and of the Chartreuse, of Cluny, of Citeaux, of Premontré, and numberless other congregations of servants and handmaids of God, must needs by one hurricane be hurled into the abyss. That all-devouring ocean will receive the bishops, abbots, and other rulers of the Church. Alone of the princes of the world has Roger entered the ark of Peter; while all others perish, he alone shall be saved.

The argument prevailed, and Cardinal Pisanus was reconciled to Pope Innocent. We afterwards find St. Bernard pleading Pisanus' cause with the Pope, when, now that all danger was passed, Innocent seemed inclined to punish one who had so long stood out against him.

Who shall secure me justice at your hands? If there were any judge before whom I could cite you, I would prove to you how ill you are treating me. There is indeed the judgment-seat of Christ; but far be it from me

to appeal thither against you, for rather would I stand there and to the best of my power make answer for you. To him therefore will I betake myself, whose office it is at present to give sentence on all things—to yourself I mean. I appeal to you in your own court; do you judge between me and yourself. Did not your Highness constitute me your substitute in the reconciliation of Peter Pisanus, if God should deign to recall him by my means from the foulness of schism? Was he not afterwards received back into his old dignity? Whose advice is it then, or whose deceit rather, that has undermined your purpose and made void the words you uttered?

St. Bernard had written strong things of old against this same Cardinal, but now that he was repentant and that justice seemed on his side, the Saint could speak out to defend him even against the Pope himself. With his heart overflowing with the sweets of that hard-earned peace, he longed to see all others sharers of it. The bounding of his heart in the day of success is poured out to his dear friend, Peter the Venerable.

This is my glory, this keeps my head aloft, the triumph of the Church. We were companions in the toil, we will be so too in the consolation. Thanks be to God Who has given victory to His Church, Who has made her toils honourable, Who has crowned her labours. Our sorrow is turned to gladness, our wailing to song. The winter has flown, the storm has lulled and passed away, the flowers have blossomed in our land: the pruning-time has come, and the useless bough, the rotten branch has been pruned away. Time is it now for me to return to my brethren.

It is pleasant to notice in St. Bernard's letters how continual, even then, were appeals to the Holy See, how thorough the submission of all good men was to its decrees. We have nearly eighty letters from St. Bernard to Popes Innocent, Honorius, and Eugenius, and nearly all on some Church business. Considering the difficulty of communication and the troubles of the times, it is not wonderful that business did not always proceed as quickly, was not always done as thoroughly as St. Bernard could wish, and in such cases he did not fear to point out what he considered faulty, even in these his superiors. But we must not forget here that he had been made the confidential adviser of these Popes, that Eugenius had been a monk of his own, and finally, that he ever renewed his assurances of submission to the Vicar of Christ and Successor of St. Peter. No Ultramontane of our own day could be more devoted in his expressions of love for the Holy See, none could be more zealous for its authority, none more obedient to every decree of the Pope. A passage from a letter to the people of Milan must represent many like it.

But you will say, I will pay the Pope meet reverence, but no more. Very well, keep to your word; if your reverence is meet, it will be universal. For the plenitude of authority over all the Churches of the world has by a peculiar prerogative been committed to the Apostolic See. Whoever then resists this authority resists the authority of God. The Pope may, if he thinks it advisable, institute new bishoprics where before they existed not. As to those which already exist, he can exalt some and lower others, making bishoprics into archbishoprics, and inversely. He can summon those who are high in authority in the Church, even from the ends of the earth, and

compel them to come before him, not once or twice, but as often as he shall judge right. His, too, is it to punish at once all disobedience if any one shall resist him.

Join this to the appeals constantly made to the Pope as the infallible judge on matters of doctrine (as we saw in the case of Abelard), and to the expressions of loving attachment and trust so common in the Saint's letters, and we have a perfect model of devotion to the Holy See. The Pope was in his eyes a dear father to whom his children should fly in all their troubles—

I come to the common refuge; I fly there where I know I shall find relief.

Nor did experience belie his trust.

There is in my opinion no gem in your crown more precious than the zeal with which you ever fight in behalf of the oppressed, and leave not the rod of the wicked over the fortunes of the oppressed.

But love did not prevent St. Bernard from doing his duty, and regarded as he was by successive Popes as their confidential adviser, plain speaking to them on matters of which he was an eye-witness, while they were often misinformed by interested representations, became a duty. Let us see how he spoke in such cases. The exhortations of St. Bernard seem to have been instrumental in inducing the Archbishops of Paris and of Sens to give up their careers as courtiers and soldiers, and devote themselves to the duties of their bishoprics. King Louis the Sixth, angered at their change, put every obstacle in the way of their duty, till finally matters came to such a pass that the united bishops of France put the dominions of the King under an interdict. Louis was just yielding before this severe measure when a courier arrived from Rome to announce that the King's letters had prevailed, and that the interdict was suspended by the Pope's authority. Of course the victory was temporarily with the King; and St. Bernard, who had been called to assist the bishops, could not conceal his sorrow.

A great crisis has drawn us from our cloisters. We speak what we have seen. To our sorrow we saw it; to our sorrow we say it. The Church's honour has received a great blow in the days of Honorius. Already had the constancy of the bishops bent the obstinacy of the King, when, lo, the authority of the Chief Pastor came in to crush firmness and establish pride!

This was a matter of right which could not safely be yielded, and indeed the Pope's authority finally extorted justice from the King. But when peace could be secured without any sacrifice of principle, St. Bernard chose the gentler course. Soon after the extinction of the schism of Anacletus, the old question of investiture brought another interdict on France. The matter seemed one where a little mutual concession would have made all smooth again. Thus earnestly the Saint writes to Rome—

If we preach to sons to obey their fathers in all things, we beat the air; if we warn fathers not to provoke their sons to anger, we draw their indigna-

tion on ourselves. The erring will make no satisfaction, the rulers will not yield an inch. All follow their angry feelings; they drag at the rope in opposite directions; they break it. Not yet is the Church's late wound skinned over, and again they are making ready to tear her, again to fasten the Body of Christ to the Cross, again to pierce His innocent Side. . . . If there be any feelings of love in your heart, oppose yourself to these great evils, let not the rent be made in that land, where as you know, other rents have hitherto been repaired. If the author of scandal meets specially with so tremendous a sentence at the hands of the Judge, what blessings do not they deserve who prevent and remove from us such a crime?

Civil authorities were not the only stumbling-blocks in the way of zealous bishops of that day; troubles with the rich and powerful clergy were unfortunately but too common, and can we wonder at it, if St. Bernard's description was faithful?

The insubordination of the clergy, a natural daughter of the negligence of bishops, is troubling and annoying the Church in every part. The bishops commit what is holy to dogs, and pearls to swine, and these turn round and trample upon them. Rightly do they meet with men such as they foster. They correct not the evil lives of those on whom they confer the goods of the Church, and then they are crushed down by them. The ministers of the Church grow rich by other men's labours, they devour the fruits of the earth without payment. Their iniquity springs up from a rich soil. Their minds grow accustomed to luxury, and, untutored by the discipline of the rod, become stained by much filth. If you strive to rub off that long-neglected mildew, they will not bear without murmuring the touch of even your finger-tips.

This state of things called forth the zeal of the Archbishop of Troyes, but his active measures of course caused much opposition and some appeals to Rome. The reversals of the Archbishop's decisions by authorities there, elicited this protest from St. Bernard, addressed like the preceding, to Pope Innocent—

I speak sincerely because I love sincerely. There is one cry raised by all who faithfully exercise their pastoral care in this country, that justice is being lost in the Church, that the keys of the Church are made void, the authority of bishops degraded, for no one can punish wrong-doers, even in his own diocese (*parochia*). They say you undo what has been done by them, you set up what they have justly thrown down. All the loose livers and wranglers from people and from clergy, aye, and even from the monasteries, run off to you when they are punished, and return vaunting they have found protection, where they should more rightly have met their due punishment. Alas, what laughter does all this rouse among the enemies of the Church! while our friends are put to shame, the faithful are confounded, bishops are everywhere brought into contempt. Why do you ruin your own resources? The Church of St. Gengulfus mourns her desolation, and there is none to console her. For who can stand against the mighty arm, the torrent's force, the decision of supreme authority?

The "Honeycomb of Clairvaux" was not all sugar.

To the bishops of his own country St. Bernard was not less outspoken. He knew that souls—many souls—depended on them, that their flatterers were ever busy, their true advisers few and timid. Then should he not raise his voice to advise, to warn, and even at times to threaten in his Master's name? To him they were not princes

and lords of the earth, but they were servants raised up on high, with peril to themselves, to discharge a necessary duty in the Church. These are the lessons he gives to Pope Eugenius: that he is not called to be served, but to serve; that he is now the father of all, responsible for all. His time is not his own; no action of his can be indifferent; his every word has fresh importance.

I see the height of your dignity, and I see the precipice that yawns beneath you. You have mounted aloft; be not high-minded, but fear. Your place is higher than before, but not safer. If you turn aside from the right path, the shepherd appointed by the Chief Shepherd is buried near you. His voice will be against you.

Sharp was the sorrow in the Saint's heart when shepherds forgot their duties and became hirelings or mere wolves. Here is an abrupt beginning of a letter to a bishop at Rome.

Your Legate has passed from tribe to tribe, from kingdom to kingdom, and everywhere he has left his foul and horrible traces. From the foot of the Alps, through almost every Church of France, this Apostolic man has spread abroad, not the Gospel, but sacrilege. Everywhere he is said to have outraged decency, despoiled the Church, and advanced comely youths to preferment. Those to whom he could not travel in person, he has plundered by deputy.

Of another bishop he thus writes—

That wolf both by stealth and by open assault makes daily efforts to burst into the fold of Christ and to disperse the sheep gathered together by the Blood of Christ. Not from yesterday or the day before, but ever since he was a whelp, he has not ceased to attack the fold of the Lord. Mine it is to point out the wolf and set on the dogs. Do you look to your duty.

Bitter must have been the regret of this noble heart to see such evils abroad; bitter, too, to see the spirit of luxury and ambition so commonly spread among the ecclesiastics of the Church of France. The rich benefices tempted many to adopt the Church as a profession. So common was this that the good Count Theobald, St. Bernard's warm friend, once begged him to secure a benefice for one of his infant sons. But St. Bernard was proof against the trial.

Who am I that you, a great Prince, should regard me, except in so far as you think that God is within me? Wherefore, may be it is better for you, too, that I should not offend Him. Yet I shall offend Him if I do as you ask. The honours of the Church are due to those who have the will and power to use them as they ought. I wish our little William well in all things; most of all before God. I will not refuse my aid in anything that is according to the Lord.

With the evil so wide spread we need not wonder that it was often St. Bernard's theme. It was perhaps the great source of the disorders of the time. From it sprung the continual disputes about the appointment of bishops, and the frequent election of most unworthy people. To a

bishop who asked for his advice on the management of his diocese, our Saint wrote, among other subjects, on the ambition and luxury of the clergy.

Honour, and not toil, is the point regarded : it is considered a disgrace to be a simple clerk. Beardless schoolboys are promoted to ecclesiastical dignities on account of their birth, and from the rod of the schoolmaster are advanced to rule over priests, rejoiced more at having escaped the cane than at having deserved preferment. But ambition is ever boundless, avarice insatiable. Made dean or archdeacon, the aspirant ever thirsts for more ; he must unite many offices in himself. Become bishop, he fain would be archbishop ; and advanced thus far, he dreams of yet nobler things, and with toilsome journeys and costly friendships gains a footing in the Roman Court.

Next of luxury—

If the clergy would not be ranked by the Apostle with women, let them throw aside the failings of women. Let them cease to pride themselves on their fine robes and their furs instead of on their work. Let them disdain to wear crimson-dyed skins of mice on those hands consecrated to the tremendous Sacrifice, on that breast which is more befittingly adorned with the gem of wisdom, on that neck which should bear the yoke of Christ. Let a bishop above all be ashamed of that which the Apostle blames in the weaker sex. "Tell me, ye bishops, what means gold," not now in the holy place, but "on your bridles?"¹ Though the Courts of kings be silent, the starving poor cry out against you. Naked and in want, they complain and say, "What use is this gold on your bridle? Does a bridle of gold fence from frost and starvation? We are perishing with cold and hunger. What avail so many yards of cloth hung in your wardrobes or folded in your trunks? Ours is what you waste. Your bootless extravagance cruelly starves us. We are your brothers. Why do you feast your pride on the portion of your brother's substance? We too are the work of God's hands, purchased by the Blood of Christ. Your horses prance along bedecked with jewels, and we have not boots to our feet. Rings, chains, studded bridles, and many trappings, variegated and costly, hang from the necks of your mules, but you do not mercifully spare half a cloak for your naked brethren. Add to all, this is wealth which you have not earned nor inherited, unless you too would say, 'Let us possess by inheritance the holy place of God.'"

If St. Bernard writes strongly, it is because he feels strongly. He did not delight in finding fault. On the contrary, he was really happy when he could praise and congratulate, when he found kindred spirits in a Carthusian or an Abbot of Cluny, in a St. Malachy or a distant bishop of Scythia. He exulted when he could praise a deed of charity, as when he writes to Gilbert, "the Universal" Bishop of London, who had distributed all his goods to the poor.

To a poor bishop a poor monk wishes the reward of poverty, which is the kingdom of heaven.

Then—

Far abroad has gone the report of what you have done, and sweet is the odour it has spread wherever it has reached. For Master Gilbert to be made Bishop of London was nothing extraordinary, but glorious is it for the Bishop of London to live as a poor man.

¹ "Dicite pontifices in freno quid facit aurum?" (Persius, *Sat.*, 8, v. 69).

In the same way he writes full of joy to another bishop who in the moment of death, as was thought, had given all his goods to the poor and had thereupon at once got better.

The energetic heart that thus expanded to rebuke or encourage the rulers of the Church, was not daunted when the lords and princes of this world had to be recalled to their duty. This seems to have been often enough. The Kings of France were repeatedly involved in disputes with the Church about the appointment of bishops, and the nobles too often profited by the anger of their King to plunder the riches of bishoprics and abbeys.

Louis the Sixth, during his contest with the Archbishop of Paris, wrote to beg the Saint's prayer. This was St. Bernard's bold answer—

How can we presume to raise up our hands in prayer for you to the Spouse of that Church which you so daringly provoke? Heavy will be the charges she will make against you to her Bridegroom, for you promised to be her guardian, and you are turned against her. If our petition be disregarded, we who have hitherto prayed for you, your children, and your kingdom, cannot fail to do our little all for the Church of God, and for His servant the Archbishop of Paris.

No less uncompromising was he to this King's son, Louis the Seventh, who begged him to interfere for the suspension of an interdict.

Know you not that you sinned grievously by compelling Theobald, by force of arms (*violentia guerra*), to take an oath contrary to God and to justice? And would you now add sin to sin and heap the vengeance of God upon your head? Do not, O my lord King, thus boldly provoke your Lord and Creator in His own realm. I speak sharply, for I fear sharp punishment for you; nor should I feel this great fear unless I also greatly loved.

And again—

Whatever course you may think fit to adopt as regards your soul and crown, we as sons of the Church cannot on any account pass over without reproof your injuring, insulting, trampling on our mother. We will make a stand for her and defend her unto death, if need be, with our lawful arms—prayers, and cries to God. I call to mind that hitherto besides those daily prayers, which as you well know, I poured out in supplication to our Lord for peace, for your welfare, and for your kingdom, I also pleaded your cause by letters and messengers with the Apostolic See, even I own almost more than my conscience authorized, and to the indignation, well deserved, I confess, of the Sovereign Pontiff against me. But now at least my patience is worn out by your daily increasing excesses, and I do assure you I begin to repent me of former folly which made me hitherto unduly spare your youth; henceforth my little all shall be for the cause of truth.

St. Bernard did not make many efforts to trim his sails between the opposite parties. Though he thus sternly denounces the tyranny of the King in ecclesiastical matters, we have already seen how he pleaded the cause of peace, and begged the Pope to give way, at least so far as might allow the King to withdraw without disgrace.

It is very striking to see the bold tone of these letters; and hardly less so to think that even angry despots had too much Catholic spirit in them to think of punishing the bold reprover. In fact, both these

Kings ever showed the greatest respect for St. Bernard. The Saint's efforts to put an end to these troubles did not cease with one letter he did not look upon a protest as exonerating him; for it was the loss of souls that stirred up his sorrow, and he could not cease labouring to rescue them so long as the enemy of souls was striving to ruin them. He therefore writes still severer letters to the Abbot Suger, and a Bishop Joslen, who were among the King's advisers, representing to them their crime in turning against that Church of which they were the officers. The bishop seems to have been specially angry at St. Bernard's rebuke, but the only amends he could get was a still sharper admonition of his duty. Yet we have many other of the Saint's letters written to them in a most friendly tone; and especially a beautiful exhortation to the abbot on his death-bed.

But let us turn to more private matters and hear St. Bernard arguing his point in the dissensions between the Cluniac and the Cistercian monasteries. We have before pointed out that two distinct periods must be kept in mind if we are rightly to understand these disputes. That two great independent branches of the same order, nominally following the same rule, should not without some disputes be brought into such very close quarters as the Cluniacs and Cistercians were, may easily be understood. But such dissensions may take very different forms. In the first period of which we are treating, and to which St. Bernard's "Apology" refers, the Cluniacs were in a state of great laxity under Abbot Pontius. In the second period, Peter the Venerable had restored strict discipline, and had swept away from all the monasteries under Cluniac influence those very abuses of which St. Bernard complains. The wranglings about which Peter treats in his "Apology" concerns this period. The treatise is in no sense a reply to St. Bernard's "Apology," and discusses chiefly matters of interpretation of rule, the Cistercians taking the letter of the law, the Cluniacs maintaining their right to make modifications, which the change of circumstances seemed to authorize. To take the strictest view of the question, it is impossible to suppose such adaptations to amount to any breach of vow, which Dr. Maitland seems to consider involved in them.

The laxity and luxurious lives of the Cluniac monks in the former of these periods was a great sorrow to St. Bernard's heart, and viewing their life as a mere perversion of monasticism, he could not but speak out when good could be hoped therefrom; and what still more angered the Cluniacs, he always received those monks who came to him from their monasteries, if the rule of St. Benedict could be interpreted to allow the change.

I receive them [he writes] because I cannot think it wrong if they make good to God the vows they have taken by going anywhere at all since they cannot observe them where they are. Do I then condemn all who do not the like? No. If a man desires to adopt a more perfect observance of the rule, but does not do so for fear of giving scandal, or again on account of his bodily weakness, I think he does not do wrong.

This does not express a very high opinion of the Cluniacs as a body, but still even among these there were many houses of fervent monks; and some of St. Bernard's greatest friends, and some of the most zealous supports of his efforts at reform, were Cluniacs. Amid all the troubles that hemmed in the Church, we may be sure our Saint would not wilfully raise new dissensions, and moreover his own heart was ever drawn towards peace and unity. He yearned for friends and supporters in the good fight, and revelled in his joy at finding such. Thus he answers a kind letter from the Carthusians, then in their first fervour, for their founder, St. Bruno, had been only a few years dead--

I have read your letter, and while the words were in my mouth, I seemed to feel in my heart some sparks of that fire which our Lord cast upon the earth. I do not take this as a chance greeting; I am sure this welcome and unlooked for blessing is the fruit of the bowels of charity. Blessed of the Lord be you who have been so thoughtful as to anticipate me in the blessings of sweetness, and have given your servant courage to write to you. For how could I dare to awaken the beloved as she slept in the arms of her spouse till she herself willed it? But what I dare not, charity dares. I glory in this your good testimony to me; I am delighted at the sweet but undeserved friendship of the servants of God.

This was St. Bernard's feeling to all his associates in the great work. There was no jealousy among them, only perfect union of mind and heart. But when any individual or any institution was an obstacle in the work of the Lord, the Saint's tone changed. The jealousy of the Cluniacs was causing great scandals in the Church; evil rumours were afloat about the Cistercians. The haven of religious life, the great and almost only safe resource of many in those days of violence and wild passions, was becoming difficult of access. Men knew not what to believe. William, Abbot of the Cluniac monastery of St. Theodoric, begged St. Bernard to raise his voice to stop these evils. But the Saint dreaded the task; he did not see how good could come of it; and, moreover, he says--

You must see that I suffer no small injury by having such writings to do, for thereby I lose much of my spirit of devotion, since my attention to prayer is lessened.

But at last it became evident that something must be done to secure peace, and the Apology for the Cistercians was written. In the first part he warns his own monks against pride, and, above all, against mistaking bodily penance and manual labour for holiness and the supernatural virtues. They are the means, not the end. They depend on many circumstances of health and strength. The true monk is within. The second part of the pamphlet is more to our present purpose, for in it are contained the charges against the Cluniacs, which will show us how outspoken the Saint could be when need was. The first charge against the accused was luxury of diet.

I marvel how there could ever arise among monks such intemperance in banquets and merrymakings, in dress and display, in cavalcades and

in building; that where this is most in excess, there the rule is considered best kept. At dinner, while the mouth is busy with feasting, the ears are drinking in gossip, and so busy are you therewith that you forget all abstinence. Meanwhile, dish follows dish, and to make up for the single abstinence from flesh, double supplies of huge fish are brought in. When you have had enough of the first, yet on beginning the second, you seem to have hardly tasted fish as yet. For so great is the care and skill of the cooks, that you can eat four or five courses without one interfering with another, or satiety taking away your relish. Who can count up the numberless ways in which eggs alone are turned and tossed? With what care are they twisted about and lifted up, softened, hardened, now fried, now roasted, now made into omelet, and served up to-day beaten together, to-morrow singly.²

Then follows a description of the grandeur of the dishes and the variety of wines, which seem at times to have been flavoured with honey and spices.

When the veins are drowned with wine and the temples throb fast, what can one do but sleep? And if you force him to rise to vigils, it is groaning, not singing, you will get from him.³

It appears that, spite of laxity, these monks did not go directly against their rule by eating meat; but as many found this inconvenient, a remedy was invented. Meat was allowed in case of illness. The monks, then, who thought meat necessary for their weak health betook themselves to the infirmary. There meat was in the reach of all. However, an inconvenience ensued from this arrangement; for many monks on this enlarged sick list looked well enough, and were able to attend to their ordinary work. To distinguish these invalids from their sound brethren, they were ordered to go about with walking sticks; "very necessary to them," adds the Saint, "that as no pale face and emaciated form told of sickness, the supporting stick might suggest it."

The next scene presents us with the monk going to buy himself a new cowl.

To buy it you traverse cities, you go round the markets, you walk through the fairs, you examine the stores of the merchants, you upset a man's whole goods, you unroll huge heaps of cloth, you handle it, you eye it, you hold it up to the sun. If it be coarse, or the colour poor, you reject it. But if its fineness and nap please you, you secure it at any price.

Then the Abbot himself is brought before us—

Making his progress with such state and such a cavalcade of plumed attendants, that one abbot's retinue would suffice for two bishops. To see them

² It will be seen that St. Bernard's idea of excessive luxury in monks does not involve any very extraordinary good living. But we should remember that the Cistercians of our own day, in Leicestershire, are described as keeping a great feast by indulging in an apple or five gooseberries.

³ St. Bernard's denunciations of vice and luxury may seem strongly worded to us, accustomed to timid speeches and gentle reproofs, but it is well to remember that he did not go beyond his model—"Woe to you Scribes and Pharisees, that enter not into heaven yourselves and suffer not others to enter in, who devour the houses of widows while saying long prayers, who make your proselytes children of hell. Blind fools. Woe to you who give tithes, and neglect the more serious ordinances of the law. Woe to you, hypocrites, full of rapine and uncleanness, whitened sepulchres, serpents, the blood of vipers" (St. Matt. xxiii.).

pass you would take them for the lords of castles, not the fathers of monasteries; heads of provinces, not guides of souls. Then they have brought with them table linen, cups, candlesticks, and portmanteaus full, not of linen, but of ornaments for their beds. Such a one will hardly go four leagues from his house without taking all his table furniture, as if he were going on a campaign. But if we must take all these attendants (*garçions*) in our train, might we not at least take all necessities with us, so as not to burden our hosts?

St. Bernard speaks quite as strongly against the rich decoration of those churches which were merely monastic, and of cloisters where only monks were allowed. Little did he dream of the magnificent buildings which his own monks would one day raise in such numbers, whose very ruins would be the admiration of future ages. Especially he objects to the grotesque figures and composite animals that were carved in the cloisters, "till it becomes more pleasant to read in marble than in a book, and to spend the day in admiring all this than in studying the Word of God." This is about the entire charge of St. Bernard against the Cluniacs. This much he thought necessary to substantiate, in order to justify his own order; and no more than this, be it remarked, does he ever hint at. Individual houses may have been less innocent in their laxity, both in the twelfth and in later centuries; but the worst charge that then could be brought against any body of monks was, that they were not doing their duty as trustees of a great charity. Monasteries had been raised up and endowed, that the monks might sanctify the country by their prayers and minister to the poor. If they failed in these objects, they had no right to the endowments they possessed, and it was this truth that St. Bernard would bring home to them.

On the later disputes between the orders we need not dwell here any further than to remark that, however much trouble they may have caused, they never interrupted the holy friendship between the representatives of the two bodies. St. Bernard could write to Peter the Venerable—

May the Orient from on high visit you, O good man, for you have visited me in my exile. I was far away, and you, in your high position, and amid your great cares, wert mindful of my name. Blessed be your holy angel, who suggested this thought to your kindly heart. Blessed be our God Who so guided you. I glory in the privilege of your love; I am refreshed by the overflowing tenderness of your heart.

And again, near the end of his life—

How happy should I be, if words could make me happy. I may call myself happy, happy that is in your good will, not in my own praises; happy because I am loved by you and love you.

This tone of affection is continual in St. Bernard's many letters to Peter, and is reciprocated by the latter even in the very epistle in which he answers the charges bandied about against his order for a perversion of St. Benedict's rule.

We cannot stay even to allude to the many labours of less general interest that occupied St. Bernard's time, and gave scope for his charity, almost to his last breath ; but we must at least mention the Crusade which he preached with such zeal and with the sanction of so many miracles, and the failure of which was naturally a source of many trials. But he preached it on the ground that God would not do all, that men must help themselves.

Is the hand of the Lord shortened or made powerless to save, that He calls on us weak worms for the defence and restoration of His heritage? Can He not send us more than twelve legions of angels, or speak the word and the earth shall be free? It is altogether in His power to be able to do whatever He wills. But I tell you the Lord your God is testing you. He has pity on His people and provides a saving remedy for those who have grievously fallen.

After exposing the benefit it is to men to be able to do such a service for God, he reminds them also that this is a service specially suited to their warlike spirit—

Henceforth let there be an end of that perpetual strife (*non militia sed malitia*, he says, with his common word play) which is making you ever strike down one another, ruin one another, till you are mutually undone. There is proposed to you, O valiant soldier, to you, O man of fighting, a contest where you risk nothing, where to live is glory, to die is gain. If you are a prudent trafficker, if a seeker of this world, I publish to you a great fair ; see you lose not the chance.

The motives for undertaking the holy war, the graces to be gained, and still more the conduct that becoms its heroes, are set forth at length in many letters, while the Saint's unwearied charity speaks out in bold denunciation against those who had seized the chance of persecuting the Jews. But a trial was in store for him when that vast army, the pick of every class in the land, perished without even reaching their destination. The value then set upon the holy places seems to have been not unlike the devotion of Catholics now to the Temporal Power of the Pope. Perhaps the Saint's words after the failure may be of use to us. He is writing to Pope Innocent—

We have fallen into evil times, so much so as to threaten even to put a period to our lives, to say nothing of their interrupting our usual pursuits. In truth, our Lord has been provoked by our crimes, and thought it well to judge the earth before His time, with justice I own, but without remembering His mercy. He has spared not His people nor His own name. The children of the Church, those who bore the name of Christian, have been smitten in the desert or struck down by the sword, or devoured by famine. Strife has been poured out among the chiefs, and the Lord has made them wander in the trackless waste, away from the path. Ruin and wretchedness are on their steps ; panic, grief, confusion, are in the tents of their Kings. In what disorder are the feet of those who proclaim peace, who proclaim good things ! We have said peace, and there is no peace ; we have made fair promises, and, lo, there is confusion. It is as though we had acted rashly or without thought. Yet we ran not as for an uncertainty, but in obedience to your command, nay, to God's, given through you. Wherefore have we fasted, and He has not regarded? We have humbled our souls, and He has

ignored us. And with all this, His anger is not allayed, but still is His hand stretched out. That the judgments of the Lord are righteous, who knows not? But this judgment is such an abyss that methinks I have good reason to pronounce him a happy man who takes not scandal in it. Yet what is this that human rashness dares to find fault with what it can by no means fathom?⁴

It may not be amiss before we conclude to look awhile at the tenderer and more attractive side of St. Bernard's character. This, indeed, is what comes out most strongly in his letters. The sterner and harsher words he wrote were but the secondary effect of his love. The expressions of his charity are often so strong as to seem almost exaggerated to our colder feelings, more especially as we are mostly, perhaps, not quite free from the Protestant belief that religious life necessarily stamps out all the tender feelings. Yet listen how St. Bernard writes to a spiritual daughter, Ermengerda, once an English countess, but now a nun—

Would that I could open my heart to you as this paper is at present opened before my eyes. Would that you could read in my heart the love for you which our Lord God has deigned to write there. Then certainly you would see that no pen, no tongue can tell that feeling which the spirit of God has stamped in me.

And thus he writes on. Then he adds—

Believe me, I am angry at my many occupations, that seem ever to keep me from you. I am delighted at the opportunities I have of conversing with you. The chance is rare, but very dear.

To another lady he writes in the fulness of gratitude—

Good lady, why are you so anxious about me? What claims have I on you? If I were of your kin, your many kindnesses, your repeated greetings would not seem so wonderful, but a mere matter of course. But who of my kith and kin has any care for me? Who ever asks of my well-being? Who is there in the world who is, I do not say anxious about me, but at all mindful of me? I am become to relations and kindred like a vessel cast away, and you alone cannot forget me.

St. Bernard at least was not careless of those he had left behind, and even after so long a separation he feels their neglect. The same tenderness reigns with regard to his brethren in religion. When God calls, he is ready to part with them, but he cannot but feel the separation. When one has left him he writes—

The staff of my weakness is taken from me, the light of my eyes is torn away, my right arm is cut off. . . . As a mother loves her only son did I love you, as you clung to my side and delighted my heart. Let me love you still in your absence, lest otherwise I seem to have loved the pleasure I found in you, not yourself. For I should not now have been separated from you if I had sought in you my own good.

⁴ It will hardly be necessary to call attention to the Scriptural cast of thought and language that pervades all the extracts. Unfortunately, the use of the Douay translation would make many of the passages so complicated as to be hardly intelligible.

The monk here addressed had been sent to rule a distant monastery. To another abbot, who had shaken off his obedience under pretence of adopting eremitical life, he writes—

How can I be set free when my heart is torn out, while my son is perishing? My love cannot rest, though it do no good. My sorrow knows no alleviation. My tears cease not to flow. I pray, I pray for you that you may come back. Come, come before I die, that we who have loved in life may not be separated in death.

Another monk, Ravelenus, had been sent to Rome at the command of Pope Eugenius, to rule over the monastery of St. Anastasius, of which this Pope had himself been abbot. But the monk was pining at his separation, and St. Bernard feared his soul might suffer from this sadness. Thus he appeals for his return—

I have seen the tree flourish when first planted, wither when removed. You will grievously wound my heart, if you do not send him back, for we are one mind and one heart. How can I carry alone the burden we both carried together, now that the staff of my old age is taken from me? But still, should you think it better to keep him, cherish him.

On whole monasteries of his children the Saint lavishes no less earnest love. For the grace of God expands the hearts of the saints till they are able to embrace many, as sincerely and far more purely than mere human affection can embrace one or two. Each individual becomes dear, because each soul has cost the same infinite price, been the object of the same unfathomable charity. Yet even to those far away the spirit of a Bernard's love shows no softness. To his monks in Egypt he devotes many hours, that he may encourage them by his pen as he cannot by his tongue. But even here he does not fail to raise the voice of warning. They must not think all done by the sacrifice of going so far, but humbly struggle onwards. Then, too, the climate is easier. Austerities should therefore be increased. To another body of monks he writes in the same tone of love and encouragement; but here again he is firm. The climate is unhealthy, it is true; but no medicine beyond the ordinary herbs within the reach of the poor befits poor monks.

The ravages of death are felt in the cloister as in the world. The gradual falling away of all companions is as sensible a grief to the monk as to the layman, though the grace of God, and submission to His holy will, may enable him to bear the loss better. Perhaps I may be forgiven for passing beyond the limits of the letters of our Saint to notice some words spoken by him on occasions when death had been at work near him. Here we shall find strongly expressed that same love which we have already admired. St. Augustine seems almost to have feared scandalizing his friends if he gave vent to his grief at the loss of his mother, but St. Bernard knew that his monks would interpret his words aright, and he did not fear to pour out the sorrows of his heart.

Hubert, the servant of God, is dead : the devoted servant, the faithful companion. You saw how calmly he breathed out his soul last night.

Thus gently he begins, but soon sorrow grows wilder—

I weep not for thee, to whom God has given the delight of thy soul ; I weep rather for myself, deprived of thy trusty advice, thy great help ; myself, bereft of my faithful friend, of the man after my own heart. On me have all these woes fallen. On me has Your anger spent itself, O good Lord, and Your warnings have terrified me. You have taken from my side those who were kindred to me in blood, but yet more so in spirit, prudent according to Your teaching in Your business and in worldly affairs. You have taken hence one and another who bore my burden with me, that heavy burden which You have put upon me. From so many kindred, Hubert almost alone was left me—a friend as dear as he was of long standing—him too You have taken because He was Yours. I am left alone for afflictions. I die in each one. Over me You have made all Your waves to pass.

Then who can read unmoved that beautiful burst of brotherly affection in the funeral sermon on Gerard, the brother who had been the most reluctant to follow him into religion, but who had since been the nearest and dearest to him ?

We loved one another in life, how are we separated in death ? O bitterest of separations that death alone could effect ! For so long as we both lived, what could separate thee from me ? Death alone could do it. O cruel separation ! Well hast thou struck, O death ! Slaying one, thou hast undone two. For is not this my death ? Aye, and more than death ; for there is left me a life bitterer than any death. I live, that by living I may die ; and do I call this life ? What can console me in my wretchedness, deprived as I am of my only consolation.

Such words of love and regret recur throughout the whole sermon. They are the true outpourings of the heart : that heart which, by being given wholly to God, had not been narrowed and made selfish, but opened to all whom Jesus cherishes, to esteem all whom He does not hold cheap, to devote itself for those whom He has bought so dearly. And this is the true character of the Saint. His severer moments are not distinct in spirit from these ; they are but the necessary consequence of his universal zeal. In St. Bernard too, as in all other saints, temporal needs were not too trivial for the piety of a loving heart. In a series of letters to Count Theobald he urges request after request, till we cannot help thinking that the friends of the Abbot of Clairvaux had to pay for his friendship. First he appeals in behalf of a young man exiled and beggared on an ungrounded charge. Then for a poor woman, left starving after the execution of her husband. Next for a man who, having been worsted in the ordeal of a single combat, had had his eyes put out and his whole goods confiscated ; he, his wife and children were left starving. Other cases also are mentioned, but these may suffice to show the Saint's spirit, and at the same time exemplify the rough justice of one of the model rulers of the day. Looking back at that age, there may be much of

the spirit of the faith for us to desire; but there certainly are many abuses which we may be thankful to escape. Some of the evils of our times were anticipated then. The Pope was driven an exile from the Patrimony of St. Peter—then as now the people rose and would have no king but Cæsar. What St. Bernard wrote seven hundred years ago might console us in our own afflictions—

Foolish and senseless people! [he writes to the Romans], was not he your head and your eyes? Wretched nation, look around you and see your miseries. But this is only the beginning of evils. Your destruction is not far off if you continue obstinate.

He calls on them to repair the sacrileges they have committed by plundering the churches and seizing the sacred plate and vestments. Then boldly—

I have announced to you danger, I have foretold justice, I have not concealed the truth. It remains for me only to rejoice at your conversion or grieve over the inevitable doom that awaits you.

Not less confidently does he write to King Conrad—

Often has the Church of God been tried from her birth even till now; as often has she been rescued. Be assured, O King, that now too God will not allow the rod of sinners to have power over the just. The hand of the Lord is not shortened, nor is it made powerless to save.

Were St. Bernard to rise now, we may feel sure he would not be less eloquent in rousing us to exert ourselves, with the trust that if Catholics do their work, God will not fail quickly to make good His word.

But it is time for us to part from our Saint. Would that we had been able to do more to show the real workings of his manly character, his tenderness for all, his unsparing denunciation of sin, and of everything that cuts off the channels of grace. It will perhaps be hardly necessary to add that St. Bernard's piety was always attractive. His natural eloquence aided him in his writings; the Spirit from on high gave unction to his words. Yet he never disdained the casual helps of style and illustration that would make his teaching more palatable, and though never trivial, never losing his time in vain compliment, he was willing to put a serious request in a pleasant form, when his object might be gained thereby. Let a note of this sort end our paper—

To Bishop Baldwin, Bernard, called, though not out of his own merits, Abbot of Clairvaux. I send you a boy, the bearer of this letter, to eat of your bread, that I may try your avarice, and see if you will give this with repining. Weep not, lament not. He has a small stomach; a little will satisfy him. But I shall be glad if you send him back stored with learning rather than padded with fat. The matter of this letter must answer for sealing wax, as I have none at hand.

R. C.

Conservatives and Liberals.

AT a time when the Japanese are doing us the honour to attempt an imitation of our system of government, our manners, and even our dress, with a simple credulity which must be supposed to be complimentary to us, we have witnessed among ourselves, and in the very highest sphere of our social hierarchy, an imitation of a Japanese custom which European critics have hitherto been content to wonder at rather than to praise. We are all acquainted with the famous *hara-kiri*, the practice according to which a Japanese of rank, if he has been insulted, "opens himself" in the presence of his choice friends, and leaves to his family the obligation of avenging his death on the head of the man who has made it necessary for him to provide for his honour in this extraordinary manner. Many of us, perhaps, are familiar with the engraving in M. Humbert's *Japon Illustré*, in which the preparations for the *hara-kiri* are set before us—in this case, however, as a judicial sentence, not a voluntary self-immolation. There is the victim on his knees on a white sheet or cloth, bordered with red, his friends and witnesses on either side, his accusers seated before him, his judges consulting hard by. The fatal knife lies before him on a stool, and behind him, lest he should lose courage, stands the armed man with his sword, ready to cut his head off at a blow should his nerve fail him. The place of this amiable assistant is filled, we believe, in the case of the voluntary *hara-kiri*, by the best friend of the gentleman who is to be the chief actor in the scene, whose duty it is, as a crowning mark of affection, to sever his head from his body as soon as the fatal stab has been duly inflicted. Among the many English Ministries which have been got rid of in the last two hundred years, it would be difficult to find any that has met its death in a more Japanese style than the Government of Mr. Gladstone. It is true that its predecessor, the first Disraeli Cabinet, executed a formal suicide before the meeting of the Parliament which it had convoked, in this respect establishing a

new Constitutional precedent which its rival has now had to follow. Such executions, however, only answer to the inevitable decapitation, which is the latter portion of the Japanese ceremony of which we are speaking. The essence of the *hara-kiri* consisted in that formal "opening of himself" which the victim performs with his own hand. The case of the nobleman who considers himself insulted, and consequently performs this essential operation upon himself, has no parallel in English modern history save in the instance of the Minister who had a majority of sixty to support him in carrying what he rightly conceived would be popular measures, and must needs dissolve his Parliament to find his majority turned into a minority of about the same proportions.

If we are to take as true the prognostications of more than one writer in the daily and weekly press, there is no fear, in the present instance, of any deadly feud nourished in the hearts of the surviving relatives of the deceased, which need disturb the quiet slumbers of those out of spite to whom the great self-immolation has been effected. An official mentioned in M. Humbert's volume as having insulted his subordinate so as to make it necessary for him to undergo the *hara-kiri*, is described as being in turn obliged to carry arms day and night, and to be always on the watch against assassination if he ventured into the streets. In the English case the family of the deceased have lost all heart—so at least it is said. It has not been so much the overthrow of a Ministry as the destruction of a party. The last time that Mr. Gladstone had to surrender office, he quoted the Virgilian threat—

Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor,

but now there is no such cry. A singular combination of circumstances crowns the Conservative victory with every flower of completeness. The leader of the defeated army has desired to retire, like Achilles, to his tent, or perhaps still more accurately, like Diocletian, to his cabbages. He has been in political harness for more than forty years, and has well earned his ease and rest, if such be his ambition. Others who have fought by his side, are no longer to be found where the chief battles of English politics must always be fought, in the House of Commons. One possible leader is incapacitated by bad health, another by bad temper, or at least by an over cynical constitution, and another by the divisions in his own party on a question in

which he has been prominent, and forced to lean on the support of his adversaries. The Liberal party, who a year or two ago, reckoned on an almost certain permanence of power, a reign the continuance of which they might be content to break now and then for short intervals, in order not to drive their political adversaries to absolute despair and consequent extinction, are now told by one of their own hierophants that a majority of almost every class in the nation has become Conservative since 1868. They have experienced a sudden reverse of fortune, which has no precedent in the peaceful annals of this country since 1688. People pick out this or that precedent, but if the ratiocinations of some even of their friends are to be depended on, their rout is unprecedented, and is to be followed by a long exile from power—a consequence, we may add, which many, even of their admirers, would be content to accept with resignation, if their triumph, whenever it comes, if it ever does come, is to be the victory of *doctrinaires* in politics of so decided a stamp as Mr. Frederic Harrison, who is at present playing the part of Job's comforter to them in their distress.

The causes assigned for this sudden, and certainly unexpected, change in the temper of English politics, are too many to be enumerated here. It is probable, however, that the issue of the late electoral contest was produced by a concurrence of many influences all bearing in the same direction, rather than by any such radical change in principle or opinion as is supposed by the writers to whom we refer to be indicated by the result. And it would certainly be a misfortune, as we think, to the interests of the country, as well as to those of our Catholic fellow-subjects, whose prospects we are bound more immediately and directly to consider, if it were to be taken for granted that the ebb and flow of political life were about to cease for any long interval, and if we Catholics, in particular, were to conceive the idea that our only safe policy is henceforth to pin ourselves to one party rather than preserve an independent attitude with regard to both. Two or three general elections under the ballot must take place before we can sufficiently ascertain the effect of the new system of voting as a record of the mutability of public opinion. The ballot, when it was carried by the Liberal party, was the subject of an old political cry, which had first been raised under circumstances very different from any that now exist. It was supposed to be a Radical and democratic step to emancipate the voter from the restraint of publicity, but the

supposition of which we speak belongs to the period when any intimidation which might be brought to bear on the exercise of the suffrage was to be looked for from landlords, employers, or others of the more wealthy and influential classes. When the measure was passed, Liberal opinions were dominant in the country, Liberal doctrines were maintained in the most influential newspapers, and if there were any social tyranny and intimidation at all to be dreaded, they would have been probably on the Liberal side. It does not seem at all unlikely that there was far more of latent and timid Conservatism in the constituencies than of overborne and cowed Liberalism. Again, it would appear from the very limited experience which is all that we have hitherto acquired as to the working of the system of secret voting, that the most ascertained result of the system has been to emancipate the electors from party ties and party influences, and to make it a question how long it will be worth while to keep up the party organization which at present watches the registration. Up to the present time, few constituencies have used the new system more than once. Those that have used it twice or thrice, such as Stroud, Hull, Bath, and Renfrewshire, and, within the few last days, the city of Oxford, have shown that it is a system under which the most perplexing changes of opinion may occur within a very few months. If the continual use of this system gives the same results, we may look upon it as tending to defeat party calculations to a surprising extent, and to make every future general election far more of a lottery than before.

This result is by no means of evil omen. If it means anything, it means that the number of English voters who think for themselves, instead of following their party leader blindly, is largely on the increase. It means that there is an increasing party in the constituencies who will not mind voting at one time for the Liberals and at another for the Conservatives, and who will be guided as to their vote by what they consider best for the country at the time. We have said in a former article, that on most matters of principle there is but little to choose between the two great English parties. If we pass from matters of principle to the second great head of consideration in political affairs, matters of administration, the best men to serve the country in office, as diligent and prudent servants of the commonwealth, may be said to be tolerably well distributed on either side of the political game. But for other

considerations, one might be inclined to wish that her Majesty could have the pick of both sides at once in filling up her great offices. So far there may not be much to choose between the two sides; but there are times when the method of administration of a particular Government, and, much more, the character given to the administration of particular departments by the men who happen to fill them, may weary and displease the country. There are also times when the country wants a "rest and be thankful" system, such as it acquiesced in, to say the least, under the later administration of Lord Palmerston; and times when it has made up its mind that certain great measures must be actively carried through at whatever cost, as was the case after the passing of the Reform Bill of Lord John Russell and Mr. Disraeli respectively. The time of inaction necessarily gives birth to a desire for activity, and the strain of energetic legislation naturally involves a reaction in the direction of quiet. The middle party in the constituencies, in such cases administers the verdict of the country. It sent the Whigs to the rightabout in 1841, it called in the Government of Mr. Gladstone in 1868, and in 1874 it has given that same Ministry notice to quit. It will, no doubt, give the successor of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues that fair trial which they so well deserve by the high personal character which so many of them bring with them to office.

But he would be a bold man that would insure the new Ministers against the inevitable loss of popularity which is the lot, deserved or undeserved, of any set of men who serve for any length of time the many-headed monster which calls itself the English people. The most zealous, able, and indefatigable public servant is sure to give offence to many and disappoint many expectations, reasonable or unreasonable. The *prestige* of a new Government soon goes off like the gloss of a new coat. Work and weather tell on all men. The "ins" are the side to be bowled at; they may hit hard, or play with caution, but all the chances are against them; bowled out, or stumped out, or caught out, or run out, some of them must inevitably be in the course of the day's play. And, to change our image, the Parliamentary balance shifts with wonderful ease and rapidity when every vote taken from one side is added to the other. We do not doubt for a moment as to the clearness of the decision of the country at the late election, but the political barometer is a very delicate instrument, and registers

even the slightest change in the atmosphere around it. The larger is the amount of power at work for producing changes, the more frequent and perplexing will the oscillations be. The Conservatives have shown their sense of this truth by the patience with which they have waited for power, and the admirable manner in which they have preserved their discipline and organization under the discouragement of long banishment from power. It is now their turn to prove how difficult it is for any set of men, however able and conscientious, to satisfy everybody, to avoid blunders, and to tie good fortune to the wheel of their chariots. Meanwhile, if their opponents can learn to be a good deal less restless, and to agree better among themselves, they may expect to gain in due time the few thousands of votes in the constituencies which are sufficient to turn the tide in their favour in thirty or forty election contests.

There is no reason why this should be regretted. Conservatism and Liberalism, in the English sense of the word, must exist side by side, and alternate, more or less regularly, in their possession of power in every free country, under conditions such as those which obtain in England. The question will always be, what to preserve, and what to improve by change. The Conservative theory is the common sense, and, we may add, the Catholic theory, as long as no injustice remains legally established between class and class, interest and interest, creed and creed, race and race. The Liberal theory may be spoken of in the same terms as long as it is not applied to the just rights and privileges which have their root in the best principles of society. The true Conservative theory as to modern Europe has been virtually promulgated in the Encyclical and Syllabus of Pius the Ninth, though, we fear, that there are but few English Conservatives who would accept the proposition. The true Liberal theory, as was shown by the acts of the same Pontiff when he was first placed on the throne, is not inconsistent with the most profound and scrupulous respect for the rights of religion, and of even an ecclesiastical ruler; and if Pius the Ninth failed in his attempt, it was the fault neither of himself nor of his people, but of foreign agitators and the "enemies of the human race," the secret societies. Unfortunately, the true Liberal theory has as few adherents among men who call themselves Liberals as the true Conservative theory among men who call themselves Conserva-

tives. The principles, however, of Conservatism and of reform must always be at work side by side in any community that possesses real political life, and the true statesman is he who combines the two for the service of his country. The English system of party, of which we spoke in our last number, has naturally enough adopted the two principles, or at least the badges and names of the two principles, to serve its own purposes, but the names and badges do not carry with them, in all cases, the principles themselves.

Catholics, among ourselves, may, we conceive, be either Liberals or Conservatives, as far as the divisions of party are concerned. It might be very desirable that they should belong to no party, in the sense of being obedient to the "whip" on all occasions of a merely party struggle; but there are many who will think that they can use their influence better by not disconnecting themselves from party organization. In any case, they cannot help being, in a certain sense, both Conservative and Liberal as to the just application of the two concurrent, and not necessarily conflicting principles. Their religion gives them, of necessity, higher views and larger sympathies than those of mere local patriotism or personal loyalty. There may be cases for all Catholics when their duties to a nobler country than any which the British Empire can furnish, their loyalty to a crown higher than that of Queen Victoria, lay claim to their allegiance with a peremptoriness which obliges their conscience. Such cases can never occur where the conduct of the rulers of the Empire is in accordance with justice at home and equity abroad; but, unfortunately, these sacred principles are not always observed in the Governments of modern States, and in the policy of European Cabinets. But the fact that there may be such cases—rare as they happily are likely to be—is enough to make it clear with an overwhelming force of evidence that loyalty to party ties, a far inferior kind of loyalty, may very often have to yield to higher interests, in the estimation of those who may be Liberals or Conservatives indeed, but, before all things, Catholics.

Among the as yet unsettled questions of modern English politics, there are not wanting instances in which the justice which is due to Catholics in order to put them on an equality with other classes of their fellow-subjects, has as yet been refused by both parties alike. The Liberal leaders have

been obliged, by a noisy section of their party, to set their faces against the allotting full justice to Catholics in the matter of higher education ; and there are no signs, as far as we are aware, of any greater liberality on the part of the Conservatives. We have yet to see whether in the treatment of our poor, of their children, and of our prisoners, the measures which common justice imperatively demands, in opposition to the virulent bigotry of too many Guardians of the Poor and Visiting Justices, will be passed by either party. We have yet to see what answer Mr. Disraeli, as Premier, will give to Mr. Newdegate's inevitable motion for the inspection of Convents. The questions of the future—a future the remoteness of which may have been diminished by recent events—are likely to be such as to require that Catholics should husband their strength and influence in order to use them at the right moment, without regard to party traditions or personal predilections. Such a question is the preservation and development of denominational education ; such a question, again, will be that, whenever it comes to the front, of the maintenance of the Anglican Church as a national establishment. The former of these two questions has divided the Liberal party, and it is said to be now dividing the Nonconformists themselves into two camps, the religious and the secular. The latter may not belong to the politics of the present moment, but fifteen years ago no one thought that in 1869 the Irish Establishment would be destroyed. The question of the Irish Establishment came on, it may be said, to suit the political exigences of a certain party, but when it was once raised in earnest it was settled, as it was settled, by the inherent justice of the case. There is the same weight of inherent justice involved in the question as to the mighty English Establishment, never to outward eye more powerful, more prosperous, more influential than at present. It is doomed to fall ; it has within it the elements of its own destruction. Its fall is a question of time, and when the time comes, and the man, the influence of Catholics in the settlement of the matter will be directed by higher interests and maxims than those of party.

The early Roman Christians.

PART THE FIRST.

The vagaries of a certain modern school of Biblical criticism have given to the recent discoveries made by the illustrious archæologist, de Rossi, an unlooked-for importance, in that they establish facts wholly at variance with the favourite theories of those who look on Christianity as the outcome of a vulgar superstition. If we are to credit the views which find favour in this school, Apostolic preaching was addressed but to the disinherited classes of the social hierarchy. The first Christian communities, among whom the several portions of what we know as the New Testament were first elaborated and found currency, whose religious notions were the germ of Catholic dogma, are represented as motley groups of proletarians and slaves, destitute of any clear and well defined consciousness of themselves, or of the doctrines inculcated by their under-educated, and, as it would seem, in no wise scrupulous teachers, without culture, social standing, or influence. True, "the Gospel was preached to the poor," and, forming, as they ever will do to the end of the chapter, the immense majority of human society, one cannot well see how they could have been excluded from an institution, the main purpose of which was to reconcile man with God, and to build up anew the shattered unity of our race. In the first two centuries each Christian community could doubtless have verified the words of the Apostle—"For you see, brethren, how God has called you; how few of you are wise in earthly wisdom, how few mighty, how few are noble."¹ But while the poor, the halt, and lame were bidden to the banquet, the message, which included every descendant of Adam, found docile hearers among the favoured and more cultured ranks, and, as the author of the *Symbolik* has said in his *History of the Church*, it can be proved that in each decade of the first three centuries of our era, the Church made as

¹ 1 Cor. i. 26.

many proselytes in the higher or educated classes as among the less favoured classes, due regard being had to the proportion of their respective numbers. St. Augustine, in his sublime essay on the philosophy of history, the *City of God*,² referring to the conditions of the age which first accepted Christianity, observes that it was cultured and in no wise disposed to admit aught that was contrary to reason and truth. The researches whereby the Cavaliere de Rossi has brought so many of the monuments of early Roman Christianity to the light of day, will enable us to judge how far the theories as to the origin of the New Testament and of the genesis of Christianity, viewed either as an idea or an institution, which are copied from the Hegelian school, are borne out by the witness of unquestionable facts.

In the tenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, St. Luke describes to us the first summons of the Gentiles to privileges hitherto the exclusive portion of the descendants of Abraham. The Church, no longer confined within the narrow limits of a single nationality, was at length warned from on high, that it was time to fling open her portals, and to welcome, without distinction of race or clime, every child of Adam who required at her hands the healing and life-giving lessons of faith and love. This warning was addressed to Simon Peter, whose history as recorded in the pages of inspiration is so curtly, yet so aptly summed up in the well known saying of St. Chrysostom, *Πέτρος ἀπὸ πρῶτος*. Right meet was it that the key-bearer of the kingdom of heaven should be the first to open its gates to the alien outcasts. The new convert was one Cornelius, a centurion of the Italian band in garrison at Cæsaræa of Palestine, a scion, as de Rossi enables us to establish, of one of those illustrious patrician races whose rugged and homely virtues, whose loyal and self-sacrificing devotedness to the common weal, had led on Rome from conquest to conquest, and at length to the empire of the world, but who, unable to stem the tide of corruption, had yielded the helm of the State to the imperial impersonation of the final triumph of the *plebs*, of popular sovereignty, over the class which had so long and so gloriously swayed the destinies of Rome and its world-wide dominions. Driven into the background by the *parvenus* and freedmen among whom the Cæsars selected the tools and ministers of a despotism none the less grinding for its democratic

² L. xxii., c. 8.

origin, the representative names of the patrician families who had made their mark on the annals of the Roman commonwealth appeared from time to time on the consular roll, while others volunteered into the army, which had now to be recruited from the subject provinces, yet without ever rising to more than a subaltern grade, or enrolled cohorts, or bands of volunteers commanded by a tribune and centurions. The number of these *corps francs*, which were organized but slowly, seems to have reached thirty-two. The Italian band we meet with at Cæsaræa about A.D. 38, appears to have been one of the first that was formed. The indications left on record by St. Luke show that this Cornelius was a person of distinction, and also that he was one of those Gentiles who had eschewed the degradation of cotemporary paganism, and had profited by his sojourn amongst a race that worshipped the one true God, to acknowledge Him, and thus to become a proselyte of the gate, one, that is, who, though renouncing idolatry, was not admitted by circumcision to the obligations and privileges of the Mosaic covenant. We need but refer to the inspired volume for the details of the facts which led up to his baptism at the hands of the Prince of the Apostles, who thus laid the foundation of the indissoluble alliance between his name and that city he, the obscure fisherman of Galilee, was to make the centre of an empire limited but by the ends of the earth, and to endure till the consummation of ages.

We next follow St. Peter to Rome. The desperate attempts made to invalidate a fact, which the most superficial acquaintance with the criteria and canons of historical certainty ought, one would think, to have removed from the arena of controversy, may be dismissed with the observation that they bear unequivocal witness to the completeness of the Catholic apology for the primacy of the Roman See, and the uneasy consciousness of its impugnors as to the rottenness of the grounds of their gainsayings. The concurrent testimony of all authorities from the fourth century downwards justifies us in asserting that the Apostle governed the Church of Rome for a little more than five-and-twenty years, which enables us to fix the date of his first visit to the eternal city at the second year of the empire of Claudius, A.D. 42. It is most likely that he had been preceded thither by some of those "strangers of Rome" who had hearkened to the first accents of Apostolic preaching, and were numbered among the three thousand whom Peter's word

added to the unity of the infant Church. As we learn from Philo, the Jewish community at Rome, which had been specially favoured by Augustus, occupied a large portion of the Trasteverine quarter, and the recently discovered Jewish cemetery on the Janiculum, with its monuments and ancient inscriptions, has corroborated his witness, and attested the wealth and importance of the Hebrew colony in Rome.

According to the wont of the Apostles, it was in this neighbourhood that St. Peter will have taken up his abode, in order to inaugurate his mission by announcing the glad tidings to his brethren and kinsmen according to the flesh. An ancient and respectable tradition identifies the site of the church of *S. Pietro in Montorio* with that of a house wherein the Apostle dwelt, the guest, it may be conjectured, of the Jewish couple, Aquila and Priscilla. As may be seen in the Acts of St. Praxedes, the wife of the Senator Pudens, an illustrious host of St. Peter, was called Priscilla; and the fact of this name being borne by a Jewess tends to show that the wife of Aquila was a freed woman of her high born namesake, and justifies the supposition that friendly and intimate relations existed between the Jewish couple and the family of Pudens. Indeed, de Rossi hesitates not to say that the existence of these relations is one of the facts of the history of the primitive Church of Rome most clearly attested by the monuments.

We have already mentioned on the authority of the Acts of St. Praxedes, to which may be added the witness of the most ancient Martyrologies, that St. Peter lodged in the mansion of Pudens, on the Viminal. De Rossi³ supplies certain indications which enable us to trace these hospitable relations of the Senator with the Apostle to what we read in the narrative of St. Luke,⁴ who relates that after the baptism of Cornelius and his staff, "they prayed St. Peter to tarry with them some days." It would appear from a tablet discovered in the last century in the catacombs of the Appian Way, that the Pudens family were connected with the *gens* Cornelia. Further, in 1776, an inscription on bronze, dating from the early years of the third century, gives note of a presentation made by a Spanish *municipium* to Caius Marius Pudens Cornelianus; it was discovered in the course of some excavations under the Church of St. Prisca, on the Aventine, a

³ *Bolletino*, anno. v.

⁴ Acts x. 48.

church anciently known as the Title of Aquila and Prisca. For those who know the account in which hospitality was held by the ancient Romans, it will be needless to observe that it established a kind of family relationship, no less enduring than that which was founded on marriage or the ties of blood. It bound together the relatives of both host and guest, who according to their age, were welcomed as brothers, or fathers. Thus do these indications, slight as they may be deemed, warrant the inference that the hospitable reception St. Peter met with in the house of Pudens was a consequence of that he had experienced at Cæsaræa, and points to a family connection between the houses of his two hosts.

In tracing the Christian ancestry of the virgin martyr whose triumph we shall soon have to describe, we are met by another majestic figure, whose heroism has been recorded by Tacitus. Daughter of the Pomponii whose name is enshrined in the *fasti* of Rome's military glory, Pomponia Græcina claimed kindred with the friend and correspondent of Cicero, Pomponius, surnamed Atticus on account of the grace of his diction. Of her connection with the *gens* Cæcilia there can be no question. As we read in the *Annals* of Tacitus,⁵ on the death of her relative and intimate friend, Julia, the daughter of Drusus, who fell a victim to the jealousy of the infamous Messalina, A.D. 43, Pomponia went into mourning for the rest of her days, a bold though silent protestation against a sanguinary tyranny which made every one tremble. Most of the commentators of the celebrated annalist are of opinion that she became a Christian. It is certain that her mourning, with the seclusion it involved, would have facilitated this step, and shielded her from an inconvenient and perilous publicity. To this we may add that her rank and relations with the Cornelii, who were likewise connected with the Cæcili, would have easily brought her into close contact with Christianity; nor may we forget that her uncle, Pomponius Flaccus, was legate in Syria at the very time that the work of our Redemption was accomplished, and as Justin states in his *Apology*, an official report of these mysterious events was addressed by him to Tiberius.

In the year 57, Pomponia, as we may read in Tacitus, was summoned before the family council, presided over by her husband Plautius, to answer the charge of professing "an

⁵ xiii. 32.

outlandish superstition." She was acquitted and ended her days in peace some thirty years later. A plausible conjecture of de Rossi has identified Pomponia with one of the three matrons who bore the name of Lucina, so illustrious in the annals of the early Church of Rome; it may be observed that this mysterious surname bears an allusion to light (*lux, lucis*), enlightenment, whereby the primitive Christians were wont to designate the Baptismal grace, which enlightens the darkness of fallen man, and clothes him with Christ, "the Light of the world." The recent discovery of funereal inscriptions in the Cemetery of Lucina, have proved to evidence that it was the resting-place of the Christian Pomponii.

It will not be needless to observe that subterranean burial-places of the kind we have just mentioned were by no means uncommon in the neighbourhood of Rome. As we have seen, the Jewish settlers in Rome had crypts prepared for their dead; and the Christians, to whom the Pagan usage of cremation, the reintroduction of which is now being so strenuously advocated, was repugnant, found it necessary to make the like provision. It may also be added, that the funeral pile was of more or less recent introduction at Rome, and that the conservatism of certain ancient families adhered to the old custom of interment. It is commonly held that Sylla was among the first whose corpse was committed to the flames.

The early Martyrologies, and the Itineraries, or Guides for pilgrims to the tombs of the Apostles, make mention of the Ostrianum Cemetery, situated between the Salarian and Nomentan Ways; to distinguish it from other crypts in that neighbourhood, it is also called the cemetery "where Peter baptized," or "of the fountain of St. Peter." It is probable that this was the first burial-place of the rising Christian community at Rome. The Chair of St. Peter, the symbol of the august mission to teach the Word of Truth, and the memorial of his first sojourn in Rome, was venerated here, even in the time of St. Gregory the Great, for in a list of holy oils sent by him to Queen Theodolinda, which is at the same time a topographical catalogue of the underground sanctuaries of the city, we find inscribed the words, "Oil from the Chair wherein sat St. Peter;" that is, from the lamps kept burning before it. As will be readily understood, the *cultus* of the Chair symbolized the hearty and devout acceptance of the doctrine which the Apostle was commissioned to announce and interpret, hence we

still keep the feast of St. Peter's Roman Chair on January 18, which was restored to the liturgical calendar by Paul IV., A.D. 1558.

But the labours of the Prince of the Apostles were subjected to a violent interruption by the edict of Claudius, A.D. 47, which banished the Jews from Rome. From the brief reference of Suetonius to this event, we gather that the motive which elicited this act of rigour were the disturbances excited by a certain Chrestus.⁶ Some Church historians have construed this to mean that the frequent disputes between Christians and Jews about Christ, determined Claudius to get rid of both parties, and have presented it as the opening act of the blood-stained drama of Pagan persecution. This view rests on the slender, and, to our mind, inadequate foundation of an alleged confusion of the homophonous names of *Chrestos* and *Christos*. As may be seen in Justin, Tertullian, and Lactantius, the Pagan vulgar were wont to call the faithful either *Chrestianiani* or *Christianiani*. This, however, does not prove that Suetonius made the like blunder, especially since the term he employs in his *Life of Nero*⁷ is quite accurate. Moreover, Suetonius, like most educated men of his day, was too well acquainted with Christ and Christianity to make such a mistake. Besides this, the reply of the elders of the Jewish community at Rome to St. Paul, as recorded in the final chapter of the Acts, excludes all notion of a violent quarrel between their body and the Judæo-Christian converts in Rome, which most assuredly would not have slipped their memory, had it but a few years before involved expulsion and exile, with all its disastrous consequences to a people devoted to mercantile pursuits. Far from mentioning a persecution, the expressions they use all but formally exclude the notion of it. Eusebius is silent on the point, and Orosius thinks that the view we question is just plausible.

The incidental mention of St. Paul reminds us that the Proconsul Sergius Paulus, whose name he adopted, may be claimed as one of the illustrations of the pedigree of the sainted heroine, who marks an epoch in the relations of the patrician houses with early Roman Christianity. The erudite Jesuit Sirmond, gave notice to Gruter of an inscription he had discovered, which bears witness to an alliance between the Sergii and the *gens Cæcilia*. But to return to St. Peter, during the eight years or so of his enforced absence from Rome, we

⁶ Claud., xxv.

⁷ C. xvi.

find him at the Council of Jerusalem, which, at his suggestion, decreed the freedom of the Gentile converts from the galling servitude of Mosaic observance. The Epistle of the Galatians, which completes in this instance the narrative of St. Luke, shows that his next visit was to Antioch. It was at this time that he travelled through the several parts of Asia Minor, establishing new Churches, and confirming in the faith those which were already founded. That his labours were not in vain may be gathered from the witness of Lucian in his *Pseudomantis*, where he says that Pontus swarmed with Atheists and Christians. Pliny the Younger, too, in his letter to Trajan, informs us that in his day Bithynia was full of Christians. It further appears from a letter of Pope St. Agapitus, A.D. 535, that the Apostle founded Churches in Thrace.

The death of Claudius, A.D. 54, occasioned the reversal of the arbitrary edicts dictated by his tyrannical whims, and thus re-opened for St. Peter the gates of Rome. His return thither seems to have been determined by his having heard that Simon Magus had made the imperial city the theatre of his imposture. It is foreign to our purpose to enter into the particulars of the distinctive tenets of this heresiarch, or rather, to catalogue the several divergent views of his teaching the early Fathers and ecclesiastical writers have left on record. Suffice it to say that his sojourn at Rome and conflict with St. Peter are attested not only by Justin, but by Irenæus, to whom may be added Hippolytus, or the author of the recently discovered *Philosophoumena*. The circumstances of the Apostle's triumph over the arch-impostor, who is said to have ignominiously failed, through the prayer of St. Peter, in the display of his boasted power of flying before the Emperor Nero, have been discredited by the apocryphal character of the writings from which they have been taken, yet should it be remembered that Dion Chrysostomus, the celebrated rhetorician and Platonist, who was almost a cotemporary, relates that Nero entertained at his Court a person who had engaged to perform this feat, and that a structure was erected on the Via Sacra, from which the Emperor might see him pass by.⁸ And we learn from Suetonius, scarce had the new Icarus made a start, when he fell hard by the Emperor's stand, and bespattered him with his blood.⁹ Whatever the merits of the story, which, as we said above, has incurred perhaps undeserved suspicion from its insertion

⁸ Dion Chrysostom, *Orat.* xxi.

⁹ *In Neron.*, c. xii.

in the so-called Apostolic Constitutions,¹⁰ from Arnobius downward, a whole catena of testimonies in its favour may be culled from the Fathers.

Meanwhile, the Apostle had associated Linus and Cletus to his labours, by the episcopal consecration. The name of the latter seems to be rather a Christian appellative than a family name. The etymology of *ecclesia* (church) and the title *cletoi* (called) by which St. Paul designates the believers to whom he addressed his Epistles, contains a manifest allusion to the genesis of the faith, the first moment whereof is the gracious call of His unspeakable mercy Who has brought us out of darkness into His wondrous light. The *Liber Pontificalis* informs us that the father of Cletus belonged to the *gens Æmilia*, who claimed kindred with the Cornelii. The name of Æmilius Pudens is of frequent recurrence, and what is more to our purpose, we find in the third century of our era, a Q. Cæcilius Pudens mentioned as legate or pro-prætor of Germany.

The closing scene of St. Peter's apostolate coincides with the first general fulfilment of the prophecy of the Master, "Ye shall be hated of all for My name's sake," in other words, with the Neronian persecution. It is not our intention to enlarge on a topic familiar to the merest tyro in Church history, it is enough to enable our readers by the witness of one who penned the annals of Rome's shame and decadence but thirty years after the events, to take the measure of the fecundity of the Apostolic preaching in this seat of world-wide Empire. "An immense multitude," says Tacitus, "was devoted to death in the most horrible shapes, not so much that they were convicted of the crime of arson, as that they were objects of hate to mankind." But as the same historian relates, the atrocious cruelties inflicted on these victims of a bloodthirsty prejudice, ended by winning for them a certain degree of pity, and by swelling the torrent of public indignation which was soon to overwhelm the crowned monster.

There was, however, one whom these horrible spectacles struck with admiring compassion, as may be gathered from his letters.¹¹ Seneca—of whom Tertullian, in his treatise, *De Anima*, says that he is *sæpe noster*—was an eye-witness of the final struggles of many of these martyrs of Christ. Without claiming this philosopher as a convert to Christianity, we may affirm that he had relations with St. Paul, not indeed on the ground of his

¹⁰ vi., 9.

¹¹ *Epist.* xiv. et lxxviii.

correspondence with the Apostle, an apocryphal production which was current in the fourth century, but for the following reasons. St. Paul appeared before the Prefect of the Prætorium in consequence of his appeal to Cæsar, towards the close of A.D. 57, after some two years of bonds. Burrhus was the Prefect, and it was usual for the consuls to be present at the sittings of this tribunal; now, de Rossi has proved from the indications afforded by a monument of the Fratres Arvales, that Seneca was consul in the latter half of 57, and had, most likely, already heard of Paul from his brother Gallio, the proconsul of Achaia, before whom the Apostle was brought by the Jewish mob at Corinth. Thus much is certain, his writings contain a considerable number of quotations both from the Old and New Testament, and passages which seem borrowed from the Epistles of St. Paul. An epitaph discovered at Ostia, in 1867, by de Rossi, which he refers to the beginning of the third century, favours the opinion that the *gens* Annea, to which Lucius Anneus Seneca belonged, had supplied the Church with some proselytes, since it is dedicated by M. Anneus Paulus to his son M. Anneus Paulus Petrus, which latter name, wholly unknown in Latin epigraphy, is plainly an indication of Christianity. Of the innumerable victims of this outburst of Pagan fanaticism, the names of only two women, Danaïs and Dirce, have been handed down to us by St. Clement of Rome in his First Epistle to the Corinthians.¹² The same Father states likewise that it was through unjust jealousy and envy that the two Apostles suffered persecution and underwent martyrdom.

The mortal remains of the Prince of the Apostles were entombed in a crypt opened by Pudens in the Vatican plain, those of his fellow-Apostle in the Cemetery of Lucina on the Ostian Road.

As may be gathered from the scanty indications it has been given us to set forth, ere they quitted the scene of their labours they had made known the greatness and holiness of Christ to many of the heirs of those illustrious names so closely associated with the glories and unselfish heroism of the palmy days of the Roman State. By bending under the yoke of the Christ they, unconsciously perhaps, were transforming their native city into the earthly centre of God's kingdom here below. Through their manly virtues and devoted charity, the

¹² C. vi.

evangelic leaven was permeating slowly and imperceptibly every grade of Roman society, so that when the Asiatic Emperors who succeeded the Antonines, thought to make short work of Christianity, they found themselves confronted in the very seat of their Empire by a fully organized Christian community, recruited no less from the illustrious races than from the plebeian ranks, a community which by mere passive resistance joined to its numbers, proved more than a match for the most formidable onslaught, that of the final persecution under Diocletian.

According to Tertullian,¹³ the immediate successor of St. Peter, in the Roman Chair, was Clement. As appears from St. Jerome, this was the general opinion throughout the West, and he adopts it in his Commentary on Isaiah,¹⁴ though his Catalogue of the Roman Succession is at variance therewith. We may further allege in its favour the authority of St. Augustine and of Optatus of Milevis, with that of the earliest Catalogue or *Indiculus* of the Bishops of Rome drawn up at Rome, in the early part of the third century. As the death of Linus is, in the latter document, stated to have taken place in A.D. 67, he can scarce be counted among St. Peter's successors. Irenæus, it is true, places Clement fourth on the list, and the Diptychs of the Church of Rome seemingly coincide with him, we say, seemingly, for it may be urged that the *Lini, Cleti, Clementis* of the prayer *Infra Actionem*, refers to the order of martyrdom, not to that of succession, and St. Jerome is our warrant for asserting that Clement sealed his testimony sometime after Cletus. The *Chronicon Damasi* and St. Epiphanius,¹⁵ in order to reconcile this divergency, suggest, in conformity with the view implied in this paper, that Linus and Cletus were most likely associated with Peter in the government of the Roman Church; that they were his vicegerents, his suffragans, as we should say now-a-days.

Of the birth and extraction of Clement nothing can be affirmed. The Recognitions,¹⁶ an apocryphal work dating most probably from the beginning of the third century, represents him as the son of Faustinian and Matthidia, of patrician race, and of imperial blood, but it is difficult to decide how far a work which is but a revised and expurgated edition of a religious romance like the *Pseudo-Clementines*, may be safely trusted even in plain matters of fact.

¹³ *De Præscript. Hæres*, c. 32.

¹⁴ C. 52.

¹⁵ *Hæres*, 27, n. 5.

¹⁶ *Recognitionum Libri*, x.

Of the life and administration of Clement, but little is known; for all that, his adventures and journeys in search of truth have supplied the writers of legendary fiction with a favourite and copious theme. The *Liber Pontificalis* ascribes to him the institution of the seven deacons, who were set over the charitable administration of the wards *regiones*, *diaconi regionarii*, into which Rome was divided. In the following century, the ecclesiastical division was shaped on the municipal arrangement of Augustus, who had divided the city into fourteen wards, or regions; hence the number of deacons was doubled. They are now represented by the fourteen Cardinal-Deacons of the Sacred College. He also appointed seven subdeacons to each of the ecclesiastical divisions, as notaries or scriveners, to draw up the Acts of the Martyrs, the record, that is, of their examination, of their torments, and triumphant death.

It was in the course of this Pontificate that the judgment of God was executed on Jerusalem. We pass by the oft-told tale of this awful catastrophe, and of the triumph that greeted the conquerors. Among the inscriptions graven to celebrate their victory, we meet with one of the five put up by the Tribus Succusana, which is worthy of attention. Eschewing the Pagan dedications to "Victory," and "Fortune," and to "Peace eternal," to be seen at the head of the others, it is inscribed, "To the public rejoicing," words wholly devoid of any Pagan allusion, and which came into currency on medals or marbles, only a century later. Like the third inscription, that to "Eternal peace," it is a tribute of homage to the victorious Emperor on the part of the *corpus juniorum* of the above-mentioned tribe, but while the former contains eight hundred, that we are considering has but five names—the first of these is T. Claudius Lennius Fortunatus; a Fortunatus was among the commissaries St. Clement sent to Corinth, bearing his *potentissimas litteras*, as Irenæus styles his well known epistle to that Church. The fifth name inscribed is that of a Q. Cornelius Q. F. Pudentianus, thus proving that in A.D. 70, there was a Q. Cornelius Pudentianus, member of tribe resident in the Vicus Succusanus, situated in the fifth region, or ward, which comprised the Viminal, and the valley between it and the Esquiline, the site of the Church of St. Pudentiana, built on the spot where stood the house of Pudens.

We may now give a fresh instance of the progress of

Christianity in the higher strata of Roman society. Though not of patrician blood, the *gens* Flavia had attained the Imperial dignity in the persons of Vespasian and his son. Shortly before this event, the brother of Vespasian, Flavius Sabinus, the son-in-law of Lucina, who had won public esteem for his virtues and ability during the twelve years he had been Prefect of Rome, lost his life in a riot occasioned by the fall of Vitellius. Was he a Christian? Tacitus seems to insinuate as much, when he tells us that towards the close of his life, Sabinus adopted a line of conduct which, by some, was deemed wanting in firmness, while to most he appeared a type of moderation and clemency, the model of a judge who was sparing of human blood. This judgment, which other historians have recorded concerning others whose Christianity is beyond question, may help us to interpret these words of the great annalist. Plautilla, the daughter of this Sabinus, is inscribed on the Martyrology, as well as her daughter Flavia Domitilla. Her son, Titus Flavius Sabinus, the husband of the daughter of Titus, was most assuredly a Christian; as for his brother, Titus Flavius Clemens, as is well known, he won the martyr's crown. This interesting genealogy comes to us on the authority of de Rossi. It is a tradition of the Roman Church that Flavia Domitilla, left in charge to Nereus and Achilleus, two Christian officers of her household, whose names are on the roll of the martyrs, resolved to tread in the footsteps of Petronilla, the Roman virgin, whom the mediæval legend, misled no doubt by a certain similarity in the names, represents as the daughter of St. Peter. Her name is a diminutive of that of a branch of the Flavii, Flavius Petro, whence, Petronius, Petronilla. It is beyond dispute that the sarcophagus of Petronilla, inscribed with her name, remained till the eighth century in the Cemetery of Flavia Domitilla, which was the family grave of the Christian branch of the *gens* Flavia. Flavia Domitilla was one of the victims immolated by the cruelty of Domitian, whose anti-Christian hate spared not even the members of his own family. She was exiled to the island of Pontia, a barren rock, which Paula, the disciple of St. Jerome, visited on her way to Palestine, as the scene of the privations borne so courageously by a daughter of the Cæsars, for the faith of Jesus Christ.

Of the successor of Clement, Anacletus, or Anencletus, nothing is recorded, save his adorning the tombs of the Prince of the Apostles, and those of his predecessors, Linus and Cletus. He was succeeded by Evaristus, who, as we learn from the *Liber*

Pontificalis, distributed the *Titles*, or domestic oratories of the city among twenty-five priests, the future Cardinal-Priests.

The progress of Christianity in the aristocratic neighbourhood of the Viminal failed not to attract attention. We find traces of this in Juvenal's *Satires*,¹⁶ who says that this quarter of Rome kept open house for every adventurer that came from the East. The development of the underground city, which was to serve as cradle to Christian Rome, kept pace with that of the Church, as the Cemetery of Pretextatus, so called from an inscription bearing the name of Septimius Prætextatus Cæcilianus, lately discovered by de Rossi, was excavated about this time.

Alexander, a native of the *Capita Bubula*, as Suetonius calls that section of Rome, also known as *Caput Tauri*, succeeded Evaristus. Certain acts, which are not wholly trustworthy, fix at this time the martyrdom of St. Hermes, who seems to have held an important post in the Roman local administration. He was buried on his estate in the old Salarian Way in a vast crypt lined with bricks, which served for religious meetings. His martyrdom was followed by that of the tribune Quirinus. On a fragment of a sarcophagus lately discovered by de Rossi, there is a bust of the martyr, who appears in the *insignia* of senatorial rank. His daughter Balbina is counted among the virgins of the Church of Rome, and it is to her that it owes the possession of St. Peter's chains, she is said to have given to Theodora the wife of the martyr Hermes.

J. M'S.

(To be continued.)

¹⁶ Satire iii.

*Unstable as Water.*¹

PARADOXICAL as it may appear, it is, nevertheless, sometimes the case, that the reasons which influence a man to submit to the Catholic Church are the only reasons that can palliate his subsequent apostasy. The Church is, indeed, the home of the human heart and intellect. It is like the net cast into the sea that gathers of every kind. It attracts to its fold persons of every age, of all classes, of every description of mental capacity, of all varieties of disposition. It is one proof of its divine origin, that it draws to itself minds of the most opposite tendencies. It soothes and satisfies the manifold needs of the soul. It gives rest to the weary, strength to the weak, comfort to the sorrowful, knowledge to the ignorant, food to the hungry, scope to the active, sublime vision to the contemplative. In itself one and indivisible, it is still *circumdata varietate*; and it is this "variety" which renders it the home on the one hand of the hard reasoner, and on the other of the simple rustic. In different conversions, therefore, we must expect a wide discrepancy of motive leading to the change of religion. Some of these are more strictly logical than others. Some almost assume the form of intuitions. Some are the hard wrought conviction of many years, too long repressed and too long struggled against. Others, again, are in their own nature superficial and evanescent, arising from a temporary excitement, or the love of change, or the accident of the class of people with whom one is thrown. These are altogether on the surface. They spring from no deep sense of religion, from no solid love of truth, and from no real dread of sin. The persons influenced by this description of motive correspond with the class of men described in the parable as not having any "root" in themselves. They are very enthusiastic for the moment, see everything *couleur de rose*, have no difficulties,

¹ *To Rome and back.* By the Rev. J. M. Capes, M.A. London: Smith, Elder, and Son, 1873.

and are particularly severe upon the friends they have left behind in the meshes of Protestantism. They write pamphlets, give reasons for their conversion, talk of *my* conversion, as if *my* implied some very important personage, for whose submission the Catholic Church ought to be extremely grateful; and within an incredibly short space of time are able to boast of their "experience," as if they had completely mastered all the mysteries of Catholic faith and ceremonial. But as a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, so perhaps a "little" religion is also dangerous. It is dangerous because it tempts a man to rely upon himself. It begets a spirit of self-opinion, vanity, and pride, and "pride goeth before destruction, a haughty spirit before a fall."

The journey to *Rome and back*, by the Rev. J. M. Capes, M.A., painfully illustrates these remarks. Whoever encouraged Mr. Capes to give to the public this flimsy analysis of his formation and change of opinion, has not shown himself a wise friend. If there ever was a case in which silence "was the better part of wisdom," if not of valour, it is the case of this untoward journey back from Rome. Mr. Capes has thought fit to lay bare his reasonings and motives for coming into the Church; and these reasonings, instead of raising our opinion of the man, indicate only too clearly, the causes of his fall. The motives of his submission become ultimately the motives of his apostasy. At no time did the author of this journey to *Rome and back*, occupy a prominent place among the converts from Oxford. Always, indeed, a gentleman, of fair education, kindly disposition, good intentions, respectable parts, and even in his fall, incapable of imitating men like Hyacinthe and Gavazzi, Mr. Capes, very soon after his conversion, busied himself in various literary works of no important character. He wrote a useful *Bible History for Schools*, a *Four Years' Experience of the Catholic Church*—in which everything was perfection—various tracts and letters, in defence of religion. He edited the *Rambler*, for a few years, with some ability, although not with much judgment. And it was while conducting that spirited, yet somewhat eccentric periodical, that he came into collision with Cardinal Wiseman, and other dignitaries of the Church. It is unnecessary to recall disputes that have long since passed away. But unfortunately they left a bitter spirit behind them. They broke down the legitimate loyalty due to

the rulers of the Church. Sourness and soreness took the place of the preceding exuberant enthusiasm, and Mr. Capes' reasons for submission became his reasons for secession.

He begins his narrative, if so we may call it, by remarking that—

Submission to Rome, is, in many cases, the result of a long series of mental growths and struggles, whose earliest beginnings it is not difficult to trace in after years. Such, at least, it was with me. I cannot remember the time when the idea of duty was not present to my mind, nor when it was not associated with a belief in the existence of some perfect realization of my ideal of a religious perfection. But it was at Oxford that this belief began to assume that shape which afterwards led me to imagine that this realization was to be found in the Roman Church, and in the Roman Church alone.

We have here the key to Mr. Capes' conversion. Early in his Oxford course, he conceived "an ideal of a religious perfection." It was his own ideal. He had what he was pleased to call "an ideal of religious perfection." He looked around to find where this ideal was realized, and he thought he found it in the Roman Church alone. We do not quarrel with this statement, because there is certainly no other communion in which the true ideal of Christian perfection can be found except the Catholic Church. Nor do we quarrel with it so far as it indicates the earnest longing of a soul struggling for the certainty of truth, the harmony of doctrine, the unity of faith, and the tranquillity resulting from reconciliation with God, which can only be enjoyed in Catholic communion. But if we are not greatly mistaken, an ideal of perfection is, as a rule, an unsafe ground on which to rest a change of religion—the more unsafe, if the ideal of perfection be merely a man's own private conception. In Mr. Capes' formula, we object to the words *my* and *perfection*. In that little word *my*, we have the key to his subsequent fall. He has not told us what *his* ideal of religious perfection is; but anyhow, the probabilities are that the crude conceptions of an Oxford undergraduate are not likely to correspond exactly with the Church of Christ as it exists in its actual working. Besides, one man's ideal of perfection differs from another's, and therefore the chances are that while every one looking for perfection will find something analagous to his ideal in the nature and constitution of the Catholic Church, still, as a whole, the Church will not be the realization of any of these various private ideals. Nay, further, we make bold to say that it would not be the Church of Christ, if it

altogether corresponded with the crude conceptions of private persons. Our Saviour Himself gave no encouragement to men to join His standard on such grounds as these. The young man in the Gospel, who had great possessions, had his own ideal of Christian perfection. It combined all that was lovely in the society of our Blessed Lord, all that was beautiful in His holy teaching, and all that was "easy" and "light" in the yoke and burden of Christianity, side by side with the retention of vast possessions, the softness of a worldly life, and the refinement of society. In his ideal of perfection there was no room for the scandal of the Cross, nor for the poverty, hardship, and rough usage which it entailed. These things formed no part of his attractive picture of the Christian life. And therefore our Blessed Lord would not have him. He parted from him with sorrow, but still He dismissed him, because his "ideal" did not correspond with the reality. So also it was with that other, who came to Christ proposing to follow Him, but asking permission first to go and bury his father. In this man's ideal, domestic duty and affection held the foremost place. It was piety to remain until death with an aged parent, and no religion, he thought, could require a man to give up father and mother and wife and child for any one else. Yet his ideal of the union of family affection with the life of the Cross, was not sanctioned by our Saviour. His reply gave no encouragement to these conceptions of what is fitting and perfect. It was stern and decisive—"Let the dead bury their dead; but go thou and preach the kingdom of God."

Without meaning, therefore, in any way to depreciate the earnestness of the young Oxford student in his desire to realize his own private ideal of religious perfection, we have the highest authority for regarding the following out of an ideal as an unsafe motive of conversion. It may turn out well, by correspondence with the graces and sacraments received within the unity of the Church, but it may, and too often we fear does, turn out ill. Then, again, that which ought to bring a man into the Church is not necessarily perfection, but truth and salvation. You leave a religion like the Anglican Church, for example, because it deceives you. It lays hold of you under false pretences. It calls itself what it is not. It makes use of the form of belief in "One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church," though by an inevitable necessity it is compelled to

drop the word "holy;" but you find on inquiry, that in no one respect has it any part or lot with the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. It is the creature of the State. Its belief varies with the popular sentiment or the popular infidelity. It does not speak the truth. The trumpet gives an uncertain sound, and who can, then, prepare himself for the battle? It is an unreality; all the more culpable because it puts on the outward apparel of a Church, and stands between you and the real Spouse of Christ. The affair of conversion is a question of truth and fact. It is no ideal. In one sense, without irreverence, it may be regarded as essentially common-place. Which is, and where is, the Catholic Church? The Catholic Church is the Spouse and Bride of Christ. To it have been given the promises. It is the Authorized Teacher of mankind. It possesses the Faith in its completeness. It is guided in all ages and in all times by the Spirit of God. It is a city set upon a hill, which can easily be seen. It is compact and united within itself, under the shelter and obedience of the Apostolic See. *Jerusalem quæ ædificatur ut civitas, cujus participatio ejus in idipsum.* Where is this Jerusalem? Wherever it be, it is the ark of your salvation, and it is your first duty to find it out. It is no matter of predilection, or of fancy, or of imaginary perfection. It is a very plain and essential duty. If the Apostle could say, "Woe is me, if I preach not the Gospel," every one calling himself a Christian must likewise say, "Woe is me, if the Church of God, the pillar and ground of the truth, the ark of salvation be here on earth, and I blind my eyes so that I may not see it." Nor is it any business of yours to inquire whether the true Church of Christ comes up to *your* ideas of perfection or not. You are not the judge of what perfection is or ought to be, and if you come into the Church on grounds like these, you change your position but not your religion, for you are still a Protestant, you are following your own judgment, you are seeking the "realization of your own ideal of religious perfection." And this is really the excuse for Mr. Capes' apostasy. He had clothed himself with an outward clothing of Catholicism, but he was still no better than a Protestant. The Catholic Church to him was not the actual living body founded by Christ, it was his own ideal. This it obviously could not long continue to be, and consequently it left him, where it found him, Protestant at heart.

As we have already said, whoever counselled Mr. Capes to give to the public the narrative of his unsteady journey to *Rome and back*, gave him indifferent advice. He lays bare the shallowness of his mind, as well as the poverty of his religious instincts, in a way that is almost painful. His first impressions tending to a change of religion had their origin at an Oxford wine party, and were strengthened by a town and gown riot. These small accidents drew him within the influence of the Church party of the day. Gradually his ideal became more and more formed in his mind. The untheological arguments of the high and dry and of the Low Church only seemed to strengthen his impressions, which, if they ever had any depth at all, were deepened by the revival of the taste for Gothic architecture and Gregorian music. *The Christian Year* as it could not fail to do, helped on his Romeward progress, but it was rather its sentimental and attractive poetry, than its undoubted element of Catholic theology. Towards the latter he seems always to have had an habitual dislike. But what appealed solely to the imagination and the taste, helped him on towards the realization of his religious ideal. Matters of doctrine always appeared to have been kept in the background. They did not suit his temperament. It was ever against the grain when he was obliged to discuss them. If on such subjects he had any leaning whatsoever, it was towards the opinions of the Evangelical school.

Unquestionably [he says] the Evangelical modes of viewing Christian teaching seemed to me more real and powerful than were the Tractarian views on matters more purely ecclesiastical in their nature. They made me feel a more definite interest in the personal application of such subjects as original sin, grace, the atonement and justification, than I had hitherto thought possible. At the same time, the endless variations and uncertainties of Anglicanism, came to be a more and more clearly recognized fact in my thoughts, ready to form the basis of a new controversial superstructure when my mind should be more advanced, and should be able to grasp the subject with more completeness of apprehension.

We fear this completeness of apprehension never arrived. His mind was always undoctrinal and untheological. It was in a haze, and in a haze it continues to the present hour. The mist, however, sufficiently cleared away to enable its victim to see two momentous truths. First, that—

Once granting the reality of Christian revelation, can it be believed that God has left us without any real, intelligible, and certain means of ascertaining the real doctrines taught in this revelation?

And secondly—

That the existence of an infallible and intelligible teacher is thus necessarily involved in the nature of a revelation, for that otherwise it would be no real revelation at all.

These fundamental principles were grasped more as strong impressions than as invariable truths. They did not hinder the coexistence with their acknowledgment of a strong dislike of confession, and of a hesitating acceptance of many Catholic doctrines or practices. Still they were sufficiently powerful to make him determine on submission to the Church. And so he completed his journey to Rome.

Protestantism everywhere disowns infallibility. Greece has for centuries and centuries ceased to appeal to any living light; while Rome still stands faithful, claiming to be the home of the still living Redeemer, taught by Him, and guided into all truth. I could see no alternative, I could find no authority for the doctrines which, as a clergyman, it was my office to preach. Every other foundation seemed a fatal quicksand, into which my feet sank deeper and deeper as I moved along. And thus I broke through every barrier that held me back, and submitted to the terrible decree.

The die was cast, and he was received into Catholic communion. Yet, he calls the grace that led him into the Church "a terrible decree," and he enters into it, not to learn, to suffer, and to obey, but—

Looking forward to the enjoyment of all that untroubled devotion, both in private and in the public offices of the Church which I expected to be the necessary result of my entrance into the one united fold of Jesus Christ.

There is an effeminacy in this expectation which is more pardonable in a young girl than in a grown man. Yet even a young girl moderately instructed in the first principles of the spiritual life would hardly expect, all of a sudden and as the result not of mature growth in grace, but of a recent change from heresy to the Faith, perfect religious "enjoyment," and "untroubled devotion" in public and in private. It is impossible not to regret that persons like the author of this journey to Rome had not undergone a more solid and searching preparation, before they took a step from which no one can withdraw without ruin to his soul. Mr. Capes has given a correct analysis of his mind, such as it is, and truth compels us to say that although in all sincerity he made many sacrifices in order to embrace the Faith, still he virtually remained as he was. He began by seeking the realization of his private conception of

religious life. He ended the first division of his journey by expecting "enjoyment," and "untroubled devotion." "Rome," says the old proverb, "was not built in a day," and a man does not become all at once a saint, because the Divine Mercy has brought him "from darkness to light," and from heresy to the true Faith. Had Mr. Capes put aside his self-formed ideal of religious perfection, had he expected nothing in the Church except the light of truth, the pardon of sin, and the grace of the sacraments, he need never have pained us with the causes of his retrogression, which apparently sprung up almost as soon as he had been received into the Church. Here is the case of a man who professed himself familiar with all Catholic doctrine and practice, who busied himself in Catholic affairs, who became a sort of self-constituted teacher, writing books, editing reviews, and passing strong judgments upon Catholic matters of importance, and who now comes forward to tell the world that after the first excitement was over, he became disappointed and incredulous. The steps of his journey backward were many, and we may mark them one by one.

1. His ideal of religious perfection was disturbed by the organization and condition of the English Catholic Colleges. They wore "an ecclesiastical aspect," which is not surprising, seeing that they are chiefly ecclesiastical and religious establishments. Oxford and Cambridge in the old Catholic times, wore an ecclesiastical aspect, and even now they have a clerical aspect, being principally presided over by clergymen of the Church of England. He had very little acquaintance with the Colleges, and his opinion is beneath notice, if he maintains that there is any "lack of freedom," self-reliance, and openness among Catholic boys, either at colleges or at schools. He compared them with his "ideal," and found that they did not correspond to it. But does not this say everything in favour of the young students? His ideal was visionary, unpractical, unreal, and therefore it is not to be wondered at, that the actual flesh and blood were unlike it. Moreover, in the Catholic Colleges there were differences of opinion on a great variety of subjects. Some of the professors had Gothic tastes. Some had not. Many belonged to an older school than that which was coming into vogue when Mr. Capes was admitted into the Church. They were timid, and feared that Cardinal Wiseman was pushing things on too fast. A few of them had no great sympathy with Rome, and

their general tone of mind was tinged with latent Jansenist or Gallican tendencies—though Mr. Capes has the fairness to admit, that whatever their Gallican tendency might have been, it was not to be confounded with the old Gallicanism of the Church in France under the Bourbons. Then, according to him, there were jealousies between the bishops, and rivalries between different colleges, and hostilities between the bishops and the religious orders. He does not, it is true, give any instances in proof of these assertions—but supposing all he says were true, what on earth has it to do with the truth of the Catholic religion? Did he expect to find the Catholic people so many machines, moved by an external authority, and without any will or opinion of their own, on art, or literature, or education, or politics? And what sort of conception could he have formed of the true Church if he anticipated that because men believed in the revelation of God, therefore they should have no individual liberty of opinion, and no disagreement, on questions unconnected with doctrine, and not defined by the Church? When he became outwardly a Catholic, the author of this journey to *Rome and back*, was either a Puritan or a Donatist. And he continued to be so to the end. He expected to find the Church on earth, as if it were the Church in heaven. And he altogether failed to see, what every fair-disposed person will willingly admit, that if there be—as there are and ought to be—differences of opinion among Catholics on a great variety of important matters, these differences very rarely exceed the bounds of charity, and are almost always under the control of the Supreme Authority. Speaking of England alone, we have the most remarkable proofs of this readiness to submit to authority within the last few years, both in the definition of the Immaculate Conception, and the decree of the Papal Infallibility. That there were differences of opinion on these subjects before they were decided by the Church is certain. But no sooner did the Apostolic See declare these truths, than these differences disappeared. Occasionally one may encounter some lax or ill-instructed Catholic who has the folly to call in question the decision of the Church, but the writer of this article, speaking for himself, can say that he has never met with any such persons. Nor is he acquainted with any priests of the Church who have professed their disbelief in the decrees of the Vatican Council. It is difficult to conceive how, if any such exist, they could continue to serve, or be permitted to serve at

the altar of God. We have heard it reported that some pseudo-Catholic has attempted to set on foot an "Old Catholic" movement in England in union with the "Old Catholics" of Germany, but it may be most safely asserted, that there are not ten persons in England, Ireland, or Scotland, who could be found to join such a movement. The loyalty of the Catholic clergy and laity of this country is beyond all question. Their unity of faith is most genuine, thorough, and complete. It, therefore, illustrates on the one hand the divine oneness of the Faith in everything connected with the revelation of God, and on the other, the inherent liberty of the Church's children, who think and speak and act, not as machines moved by a mere outward power, but as being in the highest sense *free*, with the liberty with which God has endowed them.

2. Another step in his backward journey was his lack of loyalty to the Blessed Mother of God. Evidently he never understood the Catholic doctrine. He tells us that it was the Council of Chalcedon that defined the term *θεωτόκος*—an error into which none of those young college students whom he so much disdains, would have fallen. But he very clearly implies that from the beginning he had an inward repugnance to the doctrine it determined. He says, openly, that the term of "Our Lady," as applied to the most Blessed Virgin, was to his taste "singularly unattractive if not actually repellent. It seemed to me effeminate, worldly, silly, and derogatory to Christ in His title of 'Our Lord.'" (A tolerably strong opinion for a so-called Catholic to hold from the beginning of his conversion.) "I never at any time, during the many years I remained in the Roman Catholic communion, could bring myself to like it." These remarks speak for themselves. Mr. Capes' ideal of religious perfection contained no conception of the relation of the Blessed Mother of God to Christianity, and yet he is surprised that the Catholic Church does not correspond with his ideal.

3. As a further step towards apostasy, we ought to notice his singular view about *certitude*, a subject which Mr. Capes acknowledges that he never from the beginning understood. In other words, he gave up one religion and adopted another without having previously taken the pains to understand the basis on which all theological truths must rest. It appears that years ago, while he was still a professing Catholic, he published some papers, in which he stated that the doctrines of the Church rest

upon moral certitude. It was then pointed out to him, through the kindness of a friend, that he had made a serious misstatement. But the kindness of his friend has not succeeded in enabling him to grasp a very plain truth. These are his own words—

I had treated Catholic certainty as to detailed doctrines, as resting upon a basis of historical information, which from the nature of things could not possibly be more than 'probably correct. The truth of Christianity itself I regarded as an historical certainty, but only in the same manner as all historical questions are certain; depending, that is, upon documentary evidence, which never could rise to the certainty of a broad mathematical truth. The probability of its truth, might, indeed, come very near to absolute certainty, but at the very utmost its nature must be historical, that is, moral.

It is painful to see a man who was so free with his objections and his criticisms on all Catholic questions, lose himself so hopelessly in ignorance of the very fundamental principles on which our knowledge is based. He mixes up moral and metaphysical certitude, in helpless bewilderment—not understanding what he is writing about; ignorant that a moral certitude is, within its own order, not a probability, but a true certainty; and that the divine truths of religion are not capable of moral certitude, because they belong to a higher order. They are supernatural, and consequently our certainty as to their truth must rest upon a supernatural basis—on the word and on the authority of God, "Who," as the Act of Faith might have taught him, "can neither deceive nor be deceived." All divine faith rests on this supernatural certitude—on the word of God. God has said it, therefore there can be no question of its truth. There can be no surer test of truth than the authority of God. It is certitude of the highest order—not indeed as if other certitudes, physical, moral, or metaphysical, were not, within their own order, true and real certitudes—but if we believe the truths of science and nature, on their respective certitudes, we believe the truths of grace and revelation, on the certitude of the word of God. Mr. Capes never took in this elementary truth, and we believe that he is in this respect in the same boat with Mr. Ffoulkes. Nor does he in any sense comprehend the distinction between the motives leading to faith, the *preambula* of faith, and the formal ground of faith; the one supplying us with reasons of credibility, the other giving us the basis and foundation of our faith—the word of God revealing, and the Church proposing for our acceptance.

It is evident that Mr. Capes never held the Catholic faith. What he believed he believed in the order of nature, not in the order of grace! It was natural assent. It was not divine faith. No wonder that the whole superstructure built upon this insufficient basis gave way and fell to the ground in due course of time. It was an unreality from the beginning to the end. Mr. Capes has himself or his friends to thank for laying bare the nakedness of his inner soul. He exhibits himself to the world unconscious of the figure he cuts. Egotism, vanity, captiousness, a hazy knowledge, and an inaccurate apprehension of divine truth—all these Mr. Capes invites us to contemplate in the melancholy story of his conversion and apostasy. It might have been different, even although the ideal which led him towards the Church was only a phantom of his own creation. Once within reach of divine truth and divinely appointed sacraments, the issue ought to have been otherwise. It is not our business to inquire why it was not so. He has not chosen to tell us. All we know is this, that out of a barren and dry land wherein there is no water, the mercy of God, through the intercession of His Virgin Mother, brought him forth into a land flowing with milk and honey. There was given to him from above the bread that containeth in itself all sweetness, but to him in the truest sense it was manna, for he wist not what it was. Life does not stand still. It ever moves onward. The journey has an ending in one direction or another. And so onward he moves, passing through this paradise of pleasure, refusing to make it his home, and not willing to find in it his place of rest. Now he is stranded in unbelief. His Anglican friends cannot feel much complimented by his reasons for returning to them. He goes back, not because he thinks the Anglican Church true, but because his belief is shaken in the Scriptures, in revelation, in Christianity itself. His admiration for the English Church is founded merely on its growing indifference to all definite teaching. Whatever religion he has now, he himself tells us is "a dream."

We part from Mr. Capes, however, with no unkindly feeling. He is not coarse as so many apostates from the Church are wont to be. He has tried to be fair, and as far as we can judge, he has no personal bitterness. One accusation, indeed, he brings against the Church which is without excuse. He has the boldness to assert "that according to the whole rule

of Rome, charity is a virtue which is never to be practised towards those upon whom lies the faintest suspicion of heresy." There are abundant proofs that Mr. Capes knows nothing of the inner life of the Catholic Church; and this bare-faced assertion only renders his ignorance the more conspicuous. Rome will not tell a man that he is on the road to heaven when actually he is on the road to hell. Rome will not call black white and white black. Rome will not allow a man to delude himself into the persuasion that it is a matter of indifference what he believes, or whether he believes or not. But whatever excuse can be made for the abandonment of the faith, it is ready to make. It will always hope for the best. It is gentle and tender towards those that fall. Like its Divine Master, it feels more joy in a sinner doing penance than in ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance. It besieges heaven with prayer for the return of the wanderer, and it is ready for his sake to bring forth the first robe and put it on him. It is a difficult thing to come back again after one has known the Church and abandoned it. "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel," reads like a sentence of doom upon those who trifle with salvation. Still the sentence has not yet been passed. A false step is not necessarily irretrievable. We may hope for the best. The loneliness of a man without a faith and without a Church is intolerable. The Catholic Church is the last and only refuge of the wounded and desolate soul.

W. G. T.

A Plea.

The heights of great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight ;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the night. — *Longfellow.*

ALAS ! for those companions who have slept
Upon that weary way,
Who far into the night their vigil kept,
Yet slumbered ere the day !
Who, faint and spent with toil, lay down to rest,
Despairing of the goal ;
With weight of human weakness sore oppressed,
And weariness of soul.
Alas for them ! their lot is hard to bear—
Their cherished hopes all vain ;
The sought-for laurel they must never wear,
The prize not hope to gain.
Oh ! if it be that sweet success has crowned
Thine efforts, and that fame
Has traced upon her consecrated ground
The record of thy name,
Forget not that the praise is due alone
To Him Who gave thee strength,
Who stood beside thee till thy work was done,
Throughout the night's dark length.
Be not unmindful of the cheerless fate
Of those who, toiling still,
Have missed the path, or found it all too late,
To hope they can fulfil
The promise of their golden days of youth,
When all seemed fair and bright,
And nought was wanting—save the ray of truth
To guide their footsteps right.
And when thou canst a wand'ring brother guide,
Or help him on his way,
Let nothing turn the noble act aside,
Or cause thee to delay.
For toil is hard, and perseverance rare,
And failure frequent, too ;
And those who would succeed have much to dare,
As well as much to do.
And help from those who stand aloft, secure,
Is ever doubly blest,
Enabling those who win not, to endure,
And leave to God the rest.

W. P. F.

Catholic Review.

I.—REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

1. *The Land of Moab: Travels and Discoveries on the east side of the Dead Sea and the Jordan.* By H. B. Tristram, M.A., L.L.D., F.R.S., &c. Murray, 1873.

MR. TRISTRAM'S *Land of Israel*, published in 1865, and its acknowledged accuracy and perspicuous geographical description, lead us to give a cordial welcome to a new volume of Eastern travel from his pen. The present field of his explorations, also, is not only a new one, but has been for years pondered over with a longing desire. In his own words, echoed by every thoughtful visitor to Jerusalem—

Who that has stood outside the walls of Jerusalem, or on the Mount of Olives, has not gazed with wistful interest on those blue hills, rising with clear outline beyond the thin haze which overhangs the deep hidden lake of salt, nor wondered what the land of Moab might reveal? (p. 1).

He himself almost registered a vow that he would at least attempt to explore this sealed region; sealed because of the exceeding fierceness and treachery of the wandering Bedouins and the difficulty of finding out what suzerain they are actually forced to fear and acknowledge. The solution of this problem obtained for Mr. Tristram and his companions the entrance into their promised land. It will be remembered¹ that he made two former attempts to explore the eastern side of the Dead Sea; one round the southern end, foiled by Arab feuds, and one on the northern side, when he only succeeded in reaching Nebo and Heshbon. The discovery of the Moabite stone necessarily stirred up a fresh desire to penetrate the region where other important remains might be found, and a grant of £100 for the purpose having been made by the British Association at Edinburgh in 1871, an expedition was at once organized which landed at Jaffa in January, 1872. It included photographers, a botanist and naturalist, and at Jerusalem was reinforced by Mr. Klein, of the English Church Missionary Society, through whose diplomacy and intimate knowledge of the language and state of the country, the party finally effected its purpose. The sheikh of the great Beni Sakk'r tribe seems to have been their stronghold, and his son, the Sheikh Zadarn, accompanied Mr. Tristram and his companions. We follow the party with that longing which only belongs

¹ *Land of Israel.*

to travel in the Holy Land, as the writer speaks with familiar acquaintance of the road by the Pools of Solomon, Rama, Mamre, and its great terebinth tree, still called "Abraham's oak," the vineyards with their lonely watch-towers, and the "ass' colt" tied up to a vine, all exactly to-day as described over and over again in the Scriptures. Machpelah and Hebron were visited, and then the party struck eastwards through the wilderness of Ziph to Engedi, leaving all civilization behind them, and plunging into desert scenery and life. Passing through the key-pass of Ziz, with its cliff of the same name, now exactly what it was when Abraham and Chedorlaomer met, the writer says—

The clouds lifted just as we reached the crest, and we looked down on the grand panorama of the sea, and the line of the Moab mountains beyond; while the steam rose up from the oasis of Engedi at our feet, literally smoking from the unwonted moisture. At the risk of being accused of suffering from "Holy Land on the brain," by those who can only measure grandeur by bigness, and who can see nothing to enjoy in Hermon or Lebanon because they are only ten thousand feet high, and do not reach the Alps or the Himalayas, I must confess that few landscapes have impressed me more than the sudden unfolding of the Dead Sea basin, and its eastern wall, from the top of this pass (p. 26).

Having explored the desolate neighbourhood of Engedi, the party came in sight of the mountains of Edom and Jebel Haroun (Mount Aaron) where every devout Bedouin adds his "stone of witness" to the holy mountain, to the heap by the wayside. They then passed through the Vale of Salt, where the extreme dangers of the Dead Sea neighbourhood were disagreeably impressed on them by a sharp attack of the Beni Atiyeh, a new tribe direct from Arabia, who thus introduced them in virtual captivity across the boundaries of Moab. They finally arrived with much danger and difficulty at the great fortress-city of Kerak, which was an entirely unknown region to the whole group. The lower walls of this remarkable fortress, of the finest brickwork, are probably Herodian or earlier; the upper, possibly Crusadian or Saracenic, while the uppermost structure of all, of much later date, is claimed by the Mahommedans. Other ruins at Kerak are distinctly of the Roman Empire. On the southern side is a vast Crusaders' castle, with a crypt chapel, having an apse ninety feet long. Here were seen lancet windows, fragments of Christian columns and inscriptions, and most touching of all, one solitary head of a saint with its corona, still bearing its silent witness that Christians once worshipped here, and that God was once present on those ruined altars. The castle of Kerak is said to be altogether the grandest monument left by the Crusaders. It was built under King Fulk, or Folko, by a predecessor of Raymond of Chatillon, about A.D. 1131. There is also at Kerak a ruined mosque which was once a basilica, and where two chalices sculptured on the walls still remain witnesses of the presence of the true faith. Mr. Tristram here collected several Imperial Roman coins, a medal of St. Helena, fifty brass coins from Hadrian down to Maurice of the Lower Empire, and two silver pennies of Baldwin, King of Jerusalem.

We climbed to the top of the castle . . . and . . . sat down and read. We looked at Jerusalem fifty miles off, as the crow flies, across the lake, but plainly visible through our glasses. The Russian buildings, the Mount of Olives, and further south, Bethlehem, were easily recognized. The view at sunset was splendid, a wonderful glow of red, yellow, and green, over the range of Judea, and the old moon just in the arms of the new (p. 93).

The route then lay by the vale of Arnon to Dibon (Dhiban), where the Moabite stone was found, and which Mr. Klein was the only European who ever saw entire, as the Hamideh tribe broke it up when it was disputed by rival claims. The aboriginal Moabites are not heard of after the conquests of Nabuchodonosor, and with them disappeared the ancient Phœnician character, in which the inscription of King Mesha on the Moabite stone was written. The character succeeding that date is naturally Nabathæan. Beyond Dibon, towards the huge ruins of Um Rasas, the whole country is grass, covered with the flocks and herds of the Beni Sakk'r, and forcibly reminding of Debora's—"Why abodest thou among the sheepfolds, to hear the bleating of the flocks?" and where a valley three miles long with distinct traces of the old vine-terraces, long since forgotten, still bear the name of the "Vineyards of Dibon," the "plain of the vineyards."² At Um Rasas, Mr. Tristram sought out the remains of the three recognizable Christian churches in which the apses still stand, with Greek crosses engraved on their bosses.

Standing over the ruins it was easy to trace the shape of the churches and even the marks of the elevations at the east end. In one of them there are the old pillars of the side aisles still lying, and the *enceinte* of the walls and of a porch, so that little more than the roof is needed in the way of restoration. It was strange indeed to come across these silent witnesses of a great population, and that a Christian one, in this lonely wilderness, where only wild Ishmaelites pasture, and where we were but the second party of European visitors since the Crusades (p. 144).

At Um Rasas is the enormous "tower of the Christian lady" next the ruins of a church, with many Christian symbols sculptured about it. Its position with regard to the church recalls that of the round towers of Ireland, and the traditions of the country tend towards the conclusion that it was a mortuary tower; but who were the mourners or the mourned must now for ever be unknown. There is something profoundly melancholy, though deeply interesting, in these relics of a vast populous country, once rich in Christian cities, which are now the home of the wild cat and the fox. It is well also from time to time to stir up our sense and recollection of the prophecies of Divine Writ, and the denunciations on Moab and the other lands east of the Jordan, for "I will make Moab a place of stones," is indeed marvellously fulfilled. Beyond Um Rasas, Mr. Tristram diverged directly eastward to see the ruins of Khan Zebib, and crossed the great Hadj Road, worn for ages by the countless caravans of pilgrims journeying towards

² Judges xi. 33.

Meccà, and marked throughout by the bleached bones of camels who fall on the way. This strange road across the Arabian desert from north to south-east is about a quarter of a mile broad, and is a dreary monument to the fixity of that dreariest of false beliefs, Mahomedanism, in the East. The next object of interest was Ziza, one of the most important cities of Roman Arabia, and where, until its occupation by Ibrahim Pasha during the Egyptian war, the walls, castles, and other buildings were still perfect. The Pasha wantonly destroyed the churches. From Ziza the party again diverged across the Hadj Road to Mashita, the magnificent ruins of a palace or hunting lodge of Chosroes the Second, which has hitherto found no place in maps, or notice in books of travel.

The splendid quadrangle of this unfinished palace, adorned with the finest sculptures, something in the style of the Alhambra, with bosses, architraves, and a rich filling in of animals, birds, foliage, and fruit, and much of it built of the finest bricks or tiles three inches thick and eighteen inches square, well repaid the travellers for their extra journey. The date of this marvellous structure is about A.D. 614, when that greatest of the Sassanian princes, Chosroes the Second, whose wars and successes are suggested only by the parallel of the First Napoleon, played so conspicuous a part against the Lower Roman Empire in the reign of Phocas. The whole of this romantic drama is brought out so vividly by Gibbon that it has sometimes given a suspicion of over-colouring, until experience teaches that history is more romantic than all the inventions of the brain. A most interesting track through the pastoral uplands of Moab, to which Reuben retired with his flocks, led to the higher mountains, now occupied by the Beni Hamideh tribes, when Mr. Tristram found the advantage of having had recourse from the first to the more powerful Beni Sakk'r, and where he learnt in the fullest manner why other European explorers have failed. The party safely arrived at the oleander-shaded Callirrhoe, the "fair-flowing," and its wonderful hot sulphur natural baths, to which Herod the Great had recourse in vain for cure. In this marvellous spot the Callirrhoe buries itself in a magnificent ravine, where the basaltic columnar rocks rise in perfect symmetry, as in Staffa and Iona, twelve hundred feet without a break, and the multitude of hot sulphur streams flow through jet black rocks covered with volcanic incrustations and the bright yellow sulphur flower. The Bedouins here sacrificed a lamb to "the deaf servant of Solomon," who according to their traditions, was chosen by the great king to open the springs under the crust, on account of his deafness, that he might not hear the Evil One's threats at the invasion of his property. A flying visit was from there paid southwards to the celebrated Castle of Machærus, the scene of the imprisonment and beheading of St. John the Baptist, and afterwards so famous for its resistance to the Romans under Titus. It stands three thousand eight hundred feet above the Dead Sea, and on the summit of the cone the citadel is placed.

The whole of this ridge appears to have been one extensive fortress, the key of which was the keep on the top of the cone, . . . the interior remains are few; one well of great depth, a very large and deep oblong cemented cistern, with the vaulting of the roof still remaining; and, most interesting of all, two dungeons, one of them deep, and its sides scarcely broken in; were the only remains clearly to be defined. That these were dungeons, and not cisterns, is evident from there being no traces of cement, which never perishes from the walls of ancient reservoirs, and from the small holes still visible in the masonry, where staples of wood and iron had once been fixed. One of these must surely have been the prison-house of St. John the Baptist (p. 259).

Machærus was strongly fortified under the Asmonean dynasty, when the Maccabees ruled these outlying regions with absolute power, and probably raised many of the ruined cities and castles of Moab.

The party then struck directly westward towards Zara to the Dead Sea. Of the old town Zareth-Shahar of the tribe of Reuben, nothing remains but a few broken columns and pieces of wall with a ruined fort.

Yet these poor relics have an interest of their own. We are looking here on, perhaps, the only surviving relic of the buildings of the semi-nomad tribe of Reuben, prior to the Babylonish captivity (pp. 283, 284).

The description of the gorge towards the mouth of the Callirrhoe, with the swift stream running between two lines of brilliant red cliffs six hundred feet high, under the dense shade of tamarisks and feathering reeds, the rocks tapestried with maiden-hair ferns, pictures a scene of entrancing beauty. Parts of the description of this ride vividly recall the ravines and cliffs of the Corniche, and those familiarly acquainted with the scrambling walks and climbs about the Riviera will remember how continually they were reminded there of the scenery and engravings of the Holy Land.

On leaving the Callirrhoe and its delights, Mr. Tristram traced from the hills of Ma'in (Baal-Meon) the probable sites of the four sacrificial stations of Balaam,³ at the Arnon; Kirjath Huzoth or Attarus; Baal-Meon, and Peor, north of Nebo; and thence passed on to the ruins of Medeba,⁴ where the Ammonites were defeated by Joab, and where long afterwards, John Maccabeus was taken prisoner and put to death.⁵ Medeba afterwards became a Christian see, whose bishops are named in several Councils. The ruins of a large Christian church, with its apse, are still to be recognized. From Mount Nebo—

We had a clear distant view of Western Palestine and the whole Judean range from far south of Hebron up to Galilee. We could see the west side of the Dead Sea from Engedi northwards, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, and Mizpeh. Ebal and Gerizim were very easily made out, and the opening of the Vale of Shechem. Carmel could be recognized; . . . a corner of the Hauran Mountains (Bashan) could be caught in a depression of the Gilead range (pp. 325, 326).

Hermion lay beyond, and below them the Wady Ayun Moussa, by which, with distinct probability, Moses and Joshua ascended the mount

³ Numb. xxii:

⁴ Numb. xxi.

⁵ Josephus, *Antiq.*, xiii., 1.

where the great lawgiver was to die. Looking down and across this unique summary, so to speak, of the scenes of God's dealings with man, with what a keen thrill would the words of the Old Scriptures be recalled—"This is the land for which I swore to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, saying: I will give it to thy seed. Thou hast seen it with thine eyes, and shalt not pass over to it. And Moses, the servant of the Lord, died there, in the land of Moab, by the commandment of the Lord. And He buried him in the valley of the land of Moab, over against Phogor; and no man hath known of his sepulchre until this present day."⁶ After a last identification of the sites mentioned in the Bible narrative in the newly discovered ruins of Ziar'a as Zoar, the refuge of Lot and his daughters from Sodom, Mr. Tristram and his companions made their way by the usual routes back to Jerusalem. His volume contains much pleasant incidental notice of the birds, animals, and vegetation of the Holy Land and the deserts beyond the Jordan, upon which we have not space to enlarge. The botanist of the party, Mr. William Amherst Hayne,⁷ was amusingly dubbed by the Arabs, the "Father of Cabbage," from the collection of beautiful plants pressed by him, but which went generally among the escort by the contemptuous appellation of "hashish" (cabbage). Besides its pleasant reading, Mr. Tristram's book suggests what might be done by a Catholic in a like way towards bringing out the characters and incidents of the Old Scripture narratives.

2. *Cherubini.* Memorials illustrative of his life. By E. Bellasis, Barrister-at-Law. London: Burns and Oates, 1874.

The life of a great musical composer has seldom been written with more conscientious devotion and true love of art than in this memoir of Cherubini, to which the modesty of the author denies the title of a biography. It is a book devoted in the main to the musical career of the great master of modern religious music, and to a scientific appreciation of his works. But it is not on that account uninteresting to our voracious friend, the "general reader." Cherubini's life, which began in 1760 at Florence and finished in 1842 at Paris, the chief scene of his musical career, traversed an agitated and vigorous period of European history, the vicissitudes of which had a great effect upon shaping the course of the *maestro*, and of which he was in some sense the representative, in so far at least as his music, especially his operatic music, breathed a tone of reaction against the languor or at least the repose which prevailed before him, the influence of which is discernible even in some of the glorious works of Mozart and Gluck. It was fortunate that Cherubini, whose influence became so great on the modern school of music, was a thoroughly learned and scientific musician, and even to the end of his long career, a laborious student. Thus, though he inherited all the traditions of the classical music of

⁶ Deut. xxxiv. 4, 5, 6.

⁷ Who has since died.

Italy, he was yet the leader of a reaction against the degenerate Italian school which was in possession before he appeared. He was on the German side of the conflict between science and that mere sensual prettiness which has unfortunately too many adherents in the Italy of the present day—we mean the Italy of music. His reaction has raised the standard instead of lowering it.

Cherubini was born at Florence in 1760. His father was a musician, and the child showed early indications of talent in the line which was to be that of his future career. He began to learn music at six years of age, and to compose at nine. He found a kind and intelligent patron in the Grand Duke Leopold the Second, afterwards Emperor of Austria, who allowed him a pension which enabled him to study music under the then famous Sarti at Bologna. At nineteen years of age he went with Sarti, who was made chapel master of the Cathedral of Milan, to that city, where he remained studying and composing till 1784, when Sarti having gone off to Russia, his pupil was escorted to London, where he produced his *Finta Principessa* at the Haymarket, and was highly patronized. In 1786 he settled in Paris, living for a time with Viotti, who had introduced him to the notice of Marie Antoinette. After a time he was made director of a new opera company, known by the name of the Bouffons, or the "Troupe de Monsieur," who performed for a time at the Tuileries. Henceforth, with occasional interruptions, at one time on account of the dangers of the Revolutionary fury, at a later time on account of the dislike conceived to him by Napoleon, Cherubini's life was mainly spent at Paris, where he had a post assigned to him in the *Conservatoire* on its formation in 1795-6. He continued his connection with the *Conservatoire* after the restoration of the Bourbons, and was made its director in 1822. He married in 1795, a French lady, daughter of a musician of the old Chapelle Royale, and thus cemented his life-long connection with what may be called his adopted country. He lies buried in the cemetery of Père la Chaise.

As we do not pretend to be able to criticize the artistic portions of Mr. Bellasis' work, we shall content ourselves with a few extracts which will show its spirit and character. We ought however just to mention that Cherubini's influence on Church music, in connection with which he is chiefly, as we imagine, known to our own readers, began almost accidentally at a time when he was in disgrace with Napoleon and had retired, having apparently abandoned music altogether, to a *château* in Belgium. Here is an account of his famous Mass in F.

Cherubini arrived safely at the Castle of Chimay. Bent on regaining his health and strength, he discarded laborious pursuits, and contented himself with studying botany and taking walks in the park. Music, almost abandoned, was purposely not mentioned in his presence, and he was left undisturbed to himself. It so happened, however, that St. Cecilia's Day, the 22d of November, was coming round; and the little musical society in the village of Chimay made bold to send a deputation, at the suggestion of its president, to Cherubini at the castle, to ask him to write for them a Mass that could be performed in the Chimay church on the day of the feast. The deputation being introduced, the president, with some trepidation, explained

their object in coming. "No, it's impossible," curtly replied Cherubini; and he went on busying himself with his flowers, paying no further attention whatever to the deputation, which stood for a moment irresolute, and then withdrew in confusion. The sympathies of the inmates of the castle were with it; but what could be done? Nothing was said about what had occurred; but next day it was remarked that Cherubini, evidently preoccupied, took an unusually long walk alone in the park; and Madame de Chimay, perceiving that he had not made his botanical excursion, placed some music-paper on his table covered with specimens of plants. Returning from his solitary walk, Cherubini began to trace out in full score the Kyrie of his renowned Mass in F. He wrote it without apparent thought or labour, in a corner of his room, in the intervals of repose from his labours, playing at pool in the billiard-room.

Miel states that the Kyrie of the Mass in F was entirely written in the billiard-room during a single game of pool, the composer only laying his pen down when told it was his turn to play, and not being in the least disturbed by the talking that was going on around him. What a long game of pool it must have been! Others speak of Cherubini's writing the Kyrie in his room, and playing at pool, or billiards, in the intervals of rest from his work; and I have followed this less sensational account as being probably the true one.

In the above account of the origin of the Mass in F, all the biographers have been followed except Denne-Baron, who makes a statement to the effect that Cherubini took a fancy to having a Mass sung in the castle chapel: that the Princess de Chimay, after every preparation had been made, had recourse to him for the music, and that he refused her; but that at length, overcome by entreaty, he began a Mass.

Eventually Cherubini finished writing, and going up to Auber showed him the manuscript, a piece for three voices, with instrumental accompaniments. Auber wished it to be tried, a proposal to which Cherubini assented; and that very evening Auber seated himself at the piano, Madame Duchambge, a visitor, taking the soprano, and the Prince of Chimay the tenor. They could hardly wait till the end of the piece to express their admiration to Cherubini, who himself sung the bass. A Gloria was soon added. Meanwhile St. Cecilia's Day was close at hand, and it was clear that the whole Mass could not be completed in time. Yet it was agreed that the Kyrie and Gloria should be performed. The village was ransacked for instruments, and it turned out that all the resources amounted to only two horns, two clarinets, a quartet of strings, a flute, and a bassoon. With such simple appliances, united to the voices of the village choir, were the Kyria and Gloria executed: in truth, that St. Cecilia's Day was marked with a white stone in the annals of Chimay. Cherubini, after this effort, began to take to music again more kindly, without, however, in any way neglecting botany, the study of which was prosecuted with greater zeal than ever. He began a herbal, which he preserved with care, and which eventually came into the possession of his son-in-law, Rossellini.

Remaining at Chimay some short while longer, Cherubini, restored to health and art, returned to Paris, where he completed the rest of the Mass in F, of which the first grand performance, from the manuscript score, took place in 1802, at the Hôtel de Babylon, the town residence of the Prince of Chimay. Among the violinists present were Baillot, Kreutzer, Rode, Habeneck, Dibon, Mazas, and Grasset; the violoncellists included Lamare, Lavoiseur, Dupont, Baudiot, and Norblin; the clarinet players, Lefebvre and Dacosts; the horns-players, Duvernoy and Dominick; the flutists, Tulou; and the bassoon-players, Delcambre. Indeed the instrumentalists mustered stronger than the vocalists. The Mass in F was received with enthusiasm, and, being published in 1810, soon made its way over all Europe. Fétis, who was present at this first performance, speaks of it in his *Etudes sur Cherubini*: "Never shall I forget," he exclaims, "the effect produced by this Mass confided to such interpreters. All the celebrities of Paris, of whatsoever rank they might be, attended the performance, where the glory of the great composer shone forth with a living lustre. During the interval between the performance of the Gloria and that of the Credo, groups

everywhere formed themselves, and all expressed an unreserved admiration for this composition of a new order, whereby Cherubini has placed himself above all musicians who have as yet written in the concerted style of Church music. Superior to the Masses of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and the Neapolitan school, that of Cherubini is as much remarkable for originality of idea as for perfection of art."

We add two other passages which refer to this new school of Church music of which Cherubini may be considered the founder.

In 1809 appeared Cherubini's Mass in F, eventually followed by those four colossal Masses in D, the glory of the latter school of Church music, by Cherubini, Niedermeyer, Beethoven, and Hummel respectively. But while these last were lengthy, carefully elaborated, and suitable for grand occasions rather than for ordinary use, there was no remissness in creating others of the same order of architecture, though on a less extended scale. To this thoughtfulness we owe the splendid Mass in C of Beethoven (1810), the melodious Mass in C of Cherubini (1816), his Coronation Masses in G (1819), and A (1825), Reissiger's fine Mass in E flat, and Hummel's Masses in B flat and E flat. Nor were the Hymn and the Requiem neglected by Cherubini, and Hummel bequeathed a new masterpiece to sacred music in his "*Quodquod in orbe*."

All these latter writers of Church music have solved the problem, whether to be dramatic it is necessary to be theatrical. They have come to their task with seriousness, well knowing that the Mass need not be one strain of triumph, as Haydn makes it; and with the exception of Hummel, they have always placed their theme, not the singer, in the foreground. They disagree with Palestrina in one important point; they go with him hand-in-hand in every other. Seeing what modern times require, they nevertheless lean towards antiquity; with all the marvellous development which musical science has undergone in the last century, they centre in themselves the spirit of the old Roman master, searching as they did for the secret of his solemn and devotional feeling in a deep study of his works. "If Palestrina had lived in our own times," says Adolphe Adam, "he would have been Cherubini;" in other words, a dramatic Palestrina. As Palestrina saved the reputation of *ideal concerted Church music*, so has Cherubini rescued that of *dramatic concerted Church music*. I am aware that Cherubini's Church music has been deemed theatrical by a few critics; and this was almost inevitable, seeing that he is so dramatic.

After quoting some other criticisms, Mr. Bellasis adds—

Let me say that by theatrical Church music I mean always what is offensively operatic and frivolous. Cherubini, as an ecclesiastical composer, is never either the one or the other. Neither does his nor does Beethoven's music appear to me to owe its origin to the concert-room. Dramatic music is generally theatrical; these masters proved that it need not be so, and by studying Palestrina, escaped from being undevotional.¹ They, indeed, made certain effects of *instrumentation*, which may be found in their operas, subservient to their subject. But even this only occasionally, and with solemnity, sweetness, and unction ever present. For no other reason but this can Cherubini ever be called theatrical. One or two of his motets may possibly be open to slight animadversion; but taken as a whole, if he is to be called theatrical, then he made theatrical music devotional. But who would wish to be driven to this ground of defence? Music, like the other arts, having an end of its own, there is always more or less danger when it seizes hold of the offices of the Church for its own illustration; but Cherubini's whole spirit and style are perfectly in conformity with the instructions of the Holy See. Pope Benedict XIV. says: "When the religious song is accompanied by musical instruments, these must serve

¹ Fétis tells us that he realized the importance of studying the old Italian masters and their traditions, after some conversations which he had with Cherubini in 1804.

solely for adding to its force, so that the sense of the words penetrates deeper into the hearts of the faithful, and their spirit, being roused to the contemplation of spiritual things, be elevated towards God and the love of divine things." Such is the effect on most minds of Cherubini's orchestration in the church. It aids us in realizing the meaning of the sacred text. "Magnifique, élevé, dramatique," exclaims Father Girod of Cherubini; "il n'outré rien, il n'exagère jamais. Il ne blesse en aucun cas les convenances religieuses, et jamais par sa musique il ne vous transporte au théâtre." The praise becomes greater: "He can be powerful or pathetic, severe or graceful, gay or grave, in a variety always new. . . . He could adapt his talent to the minutest exigences, the most complicated of scenes, of expressions, of prophecies, of sorrows, of hopes, of holy feelings found in the Bible and the Liturgy. He possessed a remarkable aptitude for rendering sensible, for interpreting religious truths; and when we hear his music, we understand that this harmonious language, so sublime, so persuasive, is not made for the holy temples, but for our intercourse with heaven."

Thus writes Miel: "Nothing more tender, more soothing is there than the accents of the prayer, more touching than the cry of suffering humanity, in the Kyrie of the Mass in F, in his *Agnus Dei*, and in the first strophes of his Requiem. If he represents the Passion and Death of Christ, the heart feels itself wounded with the most sublime emotion; and when he recounts the Last Judgment, the blood freezes with dread at the redoubled and menacing calls of the exterminating angel. All those admirable pictures that the Raphaels and Michael Angelos have painted with colours and the brush, Cherubini brings forth with the voice and the orchestra."

Doubtless, no small part of his triumph, in that sacred music where he unrolls before us what Place well style those "sublime visions," was owing to the profound religiousness of his character; and when we read that he put the words "*Laus Deo*" at the beginning and end of his Church pieces, we can understand that an ardent faith contributed, in no inconsiderable degree, to the sweetness and devotion, the purity and lofty inspiration which so eminently distinguish them. In brief, if Cherubini is the chief of a later school of opera, no less is he the chief of a later, and by common consent the grandest, school of modern Church music.

We have said that we do not write as musical critics, and we are well aware that it is not easy to secure acquiescence on every side to the principle which we conceive to be that on which the Church practically acts in dealing with the question of the use of the highest developments of art as accessories to worship. The question as to music is not in principle to be separated from the question as to painting, sculpture, or architecture. What strikes us in reading the book before us is that those who can enter into the beauties of music like that of Cherubini, have as much of a new world opened to them to enable them to glorify God, as those who, from being simply ignorant and without perception of the riches of painting, find when they become educated enough to understand in some measure the treasures of Raffaele or Michael Angelo. There is therefore as much danger of merely ignorant condemnation in the one case as in the other. Here, for instance, is an analysis, written by a man who was a good religious as well as a musician, of Cherubini's Coronation Mass.

In the Kyrie, the melody of which, at once simple and touching, is well characterized, the strains are at first calm and soothing; then, in modulating from A minor into C major and E, the orchestra becomes animated, the tone of supplication becomes more pressing, more energetic; after which the calm returns with the resumption of the first theme, while the

predominating sentiment seems to become more loving and confiding. The Kyrie is an admirable model of prayer, quite different, however, from that which closes the Mass in the Agnus Dei. The Gloria is designed in large and salient forms; you find in it the triumphal hymn which is first heard at the commencement of the piece, and then at the close; it opens with an andante in unison for the voices, and is continued by the grand allegro of the "Laudamus te," in which is a crescendo, admirably introduced, that seems to rouse the faithful to redouble their transports of praise and adoration. The andante on the words, "Gratias agimus," admirably depicts the Christian soul in ecstasy before the presence of Divine greatness. In the slow movement which succeeds it, the sense of the "qui tollis" is given in all its reality, and in such a way as we have discovered in no other Mass. Most composers take here the tone of sorrow and repentance, while in truth the subject is the triumph of the Lamb over sin; this glorious victory is celebrated in a chant both severe and forcible, followed by the grave supplication, full of hope, "miserere nobis." On hearing this music, you secretly acknowledge that the author must be a Catholic by conviction, to be able to compose in a style so truthful and feeling. The Credo is a creation apart, so original that you would search in vain elsewhere for any traits of resemblance to it. It forms a complete and varied whole; more than once it has been proposed to young composers as a model of truthfulness, of grandeur, and dramatic interest. In it every mystery has, so to speak, its appropriate colouring. Those which precede the centuries are expressed alternately by the basses and tenors, in a solemn melody that resembles plain-chant. Each mystery is in a different tone, but diatonic to the one that has preceded it; as soon as a mystery is announced, some wind instruments summon the whole choir to the profession of faith, and the word "credo" is given twice with new energy. The touching mystery of the Incarnation is confided to the soprani. It is the outburst of the purest faith and charity. The Crucifixion is, in truth, admirable; the pathetic tone in it is very expressive. A delicious harmony, which gradually dies away, conveys the idea of "sepultus est;" and to show that death has but a transient empire over the Body of its Conqueror, the phrase of "sepultus" does not finish; it is intercepted by the entry of the horns and trumpets, which announce the surprise of all nature, and proclaim the miracle of the Resurrection. The style takes here a new character of elevation and magnificence, which it sustains to the end. Throughout the entire piece, the composer's idea of making the chorus renew its profession of faith is carried out at each mystery. Among the most noticeable passages must be cited the *decrescendo*, so striking in its realism, on the words "cujus regni non erit finis;" the broad strain of the "et unam sanctam," the *crescendo* at the "expecto," which brings back the triumphal theme for the "et vitam." The offertory, "Propter veritatem," is a perfect type of its kind; and soft melodies, relieved by imitation, are found in it, as well as felicitous modulations. The Sanctus is a short but magnificent hymn of praise, both majestic and animated. The O Salutaris requires more care and precision in execution than the rest of the Mass. It is a fresh and delicate composition. It would have been better to give it as a trio than in chorus, although the author equally allows both methods. The prayer in it assumes quite a celestial tone, well suitable to the awful mystery that at that moment takes place; you will remark in it the moaning and touching plaint of the accompaniment in the "bella premunt." The Agnus Dei, at first in A minor, is the soothing expression of humble and resigned supplication; when it goes into the major it indicates, by the sweetness of its music, peace and repose—"dona pacem."²

We add the following criticism on the *Dies Iræ* in Cherubini's *Requiem* in D minor.

If this sublime sequence had never found a worthy interpreter until Cherubini's time he would most certainly have removed the stigma from

² *De la Musique Religieuse*, p. 245.

his art. Perhaps of all worthy interpreters he has proved himself by this matchless piece the worthiest of all. The three bars of symphony, beginning as they do piano, end in a very hurricane of sound as all the voices crash forth the words "Dies iræ" in almost despairing cry. "Solvat sæclum" is sung by the bass, and immediately followed by the tenors, who repeat every four syllables after they have been pronounced by the bass in ascending scale, till the "tuba mirum."

Here, too, the whirlwind of sound reappears, and the same artifice of short and sharp repetition between tenor and bass, this time in the key of B flat, occurs in the words "cum resurget," &c., almost presenting to the eye the opening of the graves and the rising of their dead to judgment. A lovely passage of melodious symphony, beginning in unison for the violin and violoncello, and taken up by the oboe, prepares the way for the wonderful piece of declamation confided to the bass, "judex ergo cum sedebit." Almost the same phrase occurs before the words "nil inultum remanebit," which are followed by that cry of agony, "quid sum miser tunc dicturus." The movement, "Rex tremendæ majestatis," *maestoso*, is very descriptive; it opens with three arpeggio notes by all the stringed instruments, which prepare the ear for the opening chord of A, sustained by all the voices, who, after pronouncing the word "Rex" *f*, as it were, give place to the basses to proclaim the advent of the King of immense majesty, Whose Presence is acknowledged and done homage to by all in a passage of great power and grandeur. The act of faith is first proclaimed by the leading tenors, and then taken up with the shouts of acclamation by all the other parts, "Qui salvandos salvas gratis," and the supplication which naturally follows as its logical outcome, "Salva me, fons pietatis," is one of the loveliest pieces of modulation in the whole work.

In the next movement, $\frac{3}{4}$ time, one of indescribable pathos, the parts each take a separate verse as if each had its own petition to present, its own plea for pardon to urge. The first tenors sing, "Quærens recordare, Jesu pie;" the second tenors, "Juste judex:" the basses, "Quærens me." And, curiously enough, with such consummate art is this managed, that they seem not to interfere with each other; each succeeds the other at short intervals, one beginning its petition whilst the other parts take breathing time, and are silent. The whole is sustained by a flowing melody of surpassing grace, given chiefly to the violoncellos and basses. All unite in praying to be on that dreadful day admitted into the fold of Christ; "inter ovis locum præsta, statuens in parte dextra," ends the movement, each of the parts ceasing in turn, the bass being the last to leave off with those wonderful four notes—F sharp, G, E, D sharp. Then, as if the consummation of all had come upon the world, the *presto* begins with a violin passage which brings before the eyes of the imagination the surging flames springing up from the abyss, and forms a prelude to the raging, despairing cry, in unison, of all the parts, "Confutatis maledictis," which breaks off and is again repeated in unison, first by the tenors, then taken up by the bass, mounting at every repetition by a major third; the whole sentiment culminating in a climax of descriptive writing with the words "flammis acribus," the torturing, searching nature of the flames being brought home to the sense of hearing in a way which baffles description. Agonized rage, despair, confusion, are all concentrated in those few bars. The word "maledictis" is repeated thrice, as the self-pronounced doom of those who are without hope. After a pause the saved are heard to pray—to rise, as it were, before the throne of the Judge in prayer—in an unaccompanied song of lovely calm and peace, "Voca me cum benedictis." The *andantino*, which follows the old figure, noticed in the last *andantino*, "quærens," &c., is again introduced, the movement being given to the violoncellos; it is the heart-broken wailing of a crushed and contrite supplication, "Oro supplex, cor contritum quasi cinis," and presents a most striking piece of modulation, and expressive of the sentiment intended to be conveyed.

The "lacrymosa dies illa" is a most plaintive melody, ending with a moving supplication for mercy to be shown to the departed. The "pie

Jesu," which concludes this masterpiece, is full of calm hope that the prayer for the absent one shall be heard. The sorrow of the bereaved, however, is abiding to the end.

Now, there can be no doubt that criticism such as this is "caviare to the general." What strikes us is, that those who, "with dull and tuneless ear," find themselves incapable of appreciating the devotional treasures which are here pointed out, might at least believe that there are others who can interpret them and find their souls raised nearer to heaven by the process. This, of course, in no measure settles the question as to the use of the rich ecclesiastical music of which we are speaking. But it is worth the consideration of many critics who assail it.

But we must conclude. Cherubini, whose music is said to lack sweetness, seems to have had a good deal of severity of character, which did not, however, prevent him from being extremely popular with his pupils, and much beloved by his servants. We add one or two anecdotes which illustrate this phase of his character.

Cherubini was fond of smart sayings, and of being rude, nor did he spare his friends. Thus Halévy once took Cherubini to hear one of his operas. At the end of the first act he asked his master how he liked it. Cherubini made no reply. At the end of the second act Halévy repeated his question. Again no answer. "Vous ne me répondez point," exclaimed Halévy. "Que vous répondez," replied the inexorable maestro, "voici deux heures que vous ne me dites rien."

Again, when Beethoven's Mass in D was being one day given, Berlioz spoke against the fugue "et vitam." Cherubini entering the corridor, and hearing something was going on, said, "What is it?" Some one replied, pointing to Berlioz, "This fellow does not like the fugue." "That is because the fugue does not like him," said Cherubini. At another time when Cherubini was venting his rage against the parents of prococious children, a lady came in on an appointed interview, bringing with her her child, whom she began to praise as a wonderful genius, "a perfect child of nature." "Madame," said the maestro, "leave him with us; we will adopt him. Quel bonheur de trouver un enfant de la Nature, tombé sur la terre, sans père, sans mère, sans sœur, sans frère!"³ At another time, he silenced one who was complaining of the chromatic progression from F sharp to F natural in Rossini's Prayer from *Moses*. "What do you say," said the pedant, "to this flagrant transgression of that libertine, Rossini?" "What do I say?" replied Cherubini; "I only wish I had committed it."⁴ On another occasion, a work was brought him, generally reputed to be Méhul's. "Show it me, then," said Cherubini to the person who brought it. At last he said, "It is not Méhul's; it is too bad to be his." "It is mine," said the other. "I tell you it is not yours." "Why, dear master?" "Because it is too good to be yours."

Brod, the oboe-player, died on the 5th of April, 1839. Tulou, the flute-player, returning from Brod's funeral, met Cherubini and said: "Ah, maestro, we have lost our dear friend, Brod." "What! what!! what!!!" exclaimed the aged Cherubini, who was then deaf. With a loud voice Tulou repeated, "Brod is dead." "Ah," replied the stoical Florentine, turning away, "Pitit son, petit son" (little tone).⁵ The one vindictive saying that Cherubini, as far as I know, ever uttered was not aimed at an individual, "The only thing worse than one flute, is two." If any of my readers play that instrument, I fear that Cherubini will have made himself their enemy for ever. Cherubini eventually made a point of never lending

³ Ella's *Musical Sketches*.

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ *Ibid.*

his umbrella, for if he did he found that he never got it back again. One day he was walking along the boulevards when it began to rain. A gentleman, driving by, recognized the maestro, and, alighting, placed his vehicle at Cherubini's disposal, who got in. The gentleman, who was going a different way, said, "M. Cherubini, will you lend me your umbrella?" "No; I never lend my umbrella," was Cherubini's reply; and he drove off!⁶

A somewhat pleasanter tale remains to be told. In 1824, Adolphe Adam, to his disgust, was called to serve as a soldier. He went in search of Cherubini, found him, and after much beating about the bush, told him that a certificate from him, attesting his (Adam's) aptitude for musical composition, would insure a release from the conscription. Cherubini was fond of Adolphe Adam, and was unwilling to refuse him any request, but did not wish to run any risks himself in the matter. He gave him a certificate thus expressed: "J'atteste que l'élève Adolphe Adam suit exactement les classes du Conservatoire." Adam saw that this would be of no use whatever as an excuse to the military authorities. Remembering a finger which had been disabled for two years, and from which he still fancied that he suffered, he went to a certain celebrated surgeon, who had treated the finger, and asked him to aid him in his object. The surgeon was as honest as the musician, and wrote a certificate as follows: "Je certifie avoir opéré M. Adolphe Adam d'une tumeur au doigt, il est parfaitement guéri!" Happily, Adolphe's short stature and bad eyesight served him in better stead, and he was enabled to continue his musical studies in peace.⁷

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3. *The Land of the White Elephant.* Sights and Scenes in South-Eastern Asia, &c.
By Frank Vincent, jun. London: Sampson Low, 1873.

The countries between the Bay of Bengal and the China Sea, are the scene of Mr. Vincent's travels as related in this handsome volume—Burma, Siam, Cambodia, and Cochin-China. He takes his readers first of all to Rangoon, the commercial capital of Burma, ceded to the English after the last war, along with the southern provinces of the country, so that the "independent" Burma, or Avas, has now no access to this except down the Irrawaddy. Mr. Vincent goes up the river, and visits Mandalay, the capital of Ava since 1857, of which he gives us an interesting description. The state of the country is very bad, notwithstanding the imitation of the externals of European civilization by the King, who has introduced the electric telegraph, but is afraid to leave his own palace. At Mandalay the traveller pays his respects to the White Elephant. As this celebrated animal gives his name to the book, we may as well let our readers hear something about him. In the first place, he is not a white elephant in the common sense of the word, after all.

The Mandalay animal I found to be a male of medium size, with *white eyes*, and a forehead and ears spotted white, appearing as if they had been rubbed with pumice-stone and sandpaper, but the remainder of the body was as black as coal. He was a vicious brute, chained by the forelegs in the centre of a large shed, and was surrounded with the adjuncts of royalty—gold and white cloth umbrellas, an embroidered canopy above, and some handles of spears in the corner of the room. The attendants told me that a young one, captured in the north-east part of British Burma, near Tounghoe, had recently died, after a short residence in the capital, and that the King

⁶ *Once a Week.*

⁷ *Notice sur A. Adam.*

had been "out of sorts" ever since. The animal was suckled by twelve women, hired for the express purpose, these elephant wet nurses receiving fifty rupees per menses, and thinking it a great honour to serve in such a capacity.

The White Elephant, well-named the Apis of the Buddhists, has long been an appendage to Burman state. Mr. Ralph Fitch, who travelled through Burmah about the year 1582, speaking of the King who reigned at that time, says, in his quaint, black-letter folio, that "among the rest he kept some white elephants, which are very strange and rare, for there is none other king that hath them but he. If any other king hath one he will send unto him for it. . . . If any other king hath one, and will not send it unto him, he will make warre with him for it, for he would rather lose a great part of his kingdom, than not to conquer him."

Mr. Vincent goes on to quote Fitch's account of the honour paid to the White Elephant, and refers also to another old book, some two centuries later, Father Sangemano's *Description of the Burmese Empire*, on the same subject. The foundation of the honour paid to the animal, seems to be the idea that they are "transmigrating Buddhas."

The most novel part of Mr. Vincent's book is contained in the chapter on Siam, in the eastern part of which country are the famous ruins of Angkor and Nagkon Wat, which our traveller visited at his leisure, and with great comfort, being abundantly furnished with attendants, provisions, and all necessary authority. An account of these wonderful remains was given in this Review about seven years ago, from the French *Revue Contemporaine*. We are bound to say, that Mr. Vincent's description, highly wrought as it is, does not quite come up to that which we then quoted on the authority of M. Perrin. But we must refer our readers to Mr. Vincent's pages for further information on this most interesting subject, contenting ourselves with an extract which describes the "Great Temple" at Angkor.

The entire edifice—which is raised on three terraces, the one about thirty feet above the other—including the roof, is of stone, but without cement, and so closely-fitting are the joints, as even now to be scarcely discernible. The quarry where the stone was hewn is about two days' travel—thirty miles—distant, and it is supposed the transportation of the immense boulders could only be effected by means of a water communication—a canal or river, or when the country was submerged at the end of the rainy season. The shape of the building is oblong, being seven hundred and ninety-six feet in length, and five hundred and eighty-eight feet in width, while the highest central pagoda rises some two hundred and fifty odd feet above the ground, and four others, at the angles of the court, are each about one hundred and fifty feet in height.

Passing between low railings, we ascend a platform—composed of boulders of stone four feet in length, one and a half feet in width, and six inches in thickness—and enter the temple itself through a columned portico, the *façade* of which is beautifully carved in *basso-relievo* with ancient mythological subjects. From this doorway, on either side, runs a corridor with a double row of columns, cut—base and capital—from single blocks, with a double, oval-shaped roof covered with carving and consecutive sculptures upon the outer wall. This gallery of sculptures, which forms the exterior of the temple, consists of over half a mile of continuous pictures, cut in *basso-relievo* upon sandstone slabs six feet in width, and represents subjects taken from Hindoo mythology—from the *Ramayana*—the Sanscrit epic poem of India—with its twenty-five thousand verses describing the exploits of the god Rama and the son of the King of Oudh. The contests of the King of Ceylon,

and Hanuman, the monkey-god, are graphically represented. There is no keystone used in the arch of this corridor, and its ceiling is uncarved. On the walls are sculptured the immense number of one hundred thousand separate figures (or at least heads). Entire scenes from the *Ramayana* are pictured; one, I remember, occupies two hundred and forty feet of the wall. Weeks might be spent in studying, identifying, and classifying the varied subjects of this wonderful gallery. You see warriors upon elephants and in chariots, foot soldiers with shield and spear, boats, unshapely divinities, trees, monkeys, tigers, griffins, hippopotami, serpents, fishes, crocodiles, bullocks, tortoises, soldiers of immense physical development, with helmets, and some people with beards—probably Moors. The figures stand somewhat like those on the great Egyptian monuments, the side partly turned towards the front; in the case of the men one foot and leg are always placed in advance of the other; and I noticed, besides, five horsemen, armed with spear and sword, riding abreast, like those seen upon the Assyrian tablets in the British Museum.

In the processions several of the kings are preceded by musicians playing upon shells and long bamboo flutes. Some of the kings carry a sort of battle-axe, others a weapon which much resembles a golf-club, and others are represented as using the bow and arrow. In one place is a grotesque divinity who sets elegantly dressed upon a throne surmounted by umbrellas; this figure, of peculiar sanctity evidently, has been recently gilded, and before it, upon a small table, there were a dozen or more "joss-sticks" kept constantly burning by the faithful. But it is almost useless to particularize when the subjects and style of execution are so diverse. Each side of the long corridor seemed to display figures of distinct feature, dress, and character. "The most interesting sculptures," says Dr. Adolf Bastian, the President of the Royal Geographical Society of Berlin, who explored these wonderful ruins in 1864—"the most interesting sculptures at *Nagkon Wat* are in two compartments, called by the natives respectively the procession and the three stages (heaven, earth, and hell). What gives a peculiar interest to this section is the fact that the artist has represented the different nationalities in all their distinctive characteristic features, from the flat-nosed savage in the tasseled garb of the Pnom and the short-haired Lao to the straight-nosed Rajaput, with sword and shield, and the bearded Moor, giving a catalogue of nationalities, like another column of Trajan, in the predominant physical conformation of each race. On the whole there is such a prevalence of Hellenic cast in the features and profiles, as well as in the elegant attitude of the horsemen, that one might suppose Xenocrates of old, after finishing his labours in Bombay, had made an excursion to the east."

There are figures sculptured in high relief (nearly life-size) upon the lower parts of the walls about the entrance; all are females, and apparently of Hindoo origin. The interior of the quadrangle bounded by the long corridor just described is filled with galleries—halls, formed with huge columns, crossing one another at right angles. In the *Nagkon Wat* as many as one thousand five hundred and thirty-two solid columns have been counted, and among the entire ruins of Angkor there are reported to be the immense number of six thousand, almost all of them hewn from single blocks and artistically carved. On the inner side of the corridor there are blank windows, each of which contains seven beautifully turned little columns. The ceilings of the galleries were hung with tens of thousands of bats and pigeons, and other birds had made themselves comfortable nests in out-of-the-way corners.

4 *Yu-Pe-Ya's Lute. A Chinese Tale, in English Verse.* By Augusta Webster Macmillan, 1874.

A new volume of poetry from Mrs. Webster is always welcome. This time she has taken a well known Chinese tale and told it in English style and language, avowing candidly that she has put a

"nineteenth century" colour to it, and invented all her geography and topography except the names. Yu-Pe-Ya is a sage, the minister of a kingdom lying at some distance from his native land, which, at the opening of the poem he revisits with tender love. In order to prolong his enjoyment of the scenes of his childhood, he returns to his adopted country down a river which leads into lakes which can bear his barge to its destination. As he nears the borders of his own country he tries to soothe himself by the notes of a marvellous lute which has a history of its own, and has almost the sympathies of a living friend, but the lute refuses its office, and a chord snaps. This is a sign that there is some master spirit near who might steal the secret of the wonderful strain which Yu-Pe-Ya is sounding. No one can be found on the bank but a woodman, who is at first sent away in contempt, but whom Yu-Pe-Ya afterwards orders his men to pursue, and who turns out to be, indeed, a master spirit. The two sages spend the night in converse, adopting one another as brothers, and then they part. Yu-Pe-Ya undertaking to return in a year's time to renew the brotherhood. The story simply ends on his return to find his friend dead, and his aged father and mother, whom he supported by his labour, mourning his loss. This outline, however, gives no idea of the fiction and beauty of Mrs. Webster's poem, which is singularly pure and sweet throughout. We can only select a single passage. It is the discovery of the woodman's death to Yu-Pe-Ya.

Where a great stone lay

In the shadow of a cliff upon the way
He sat to wait if any would pass by
And tell him witherward his steps should hie
To reach the woodman's home. And from the right
Soon a white-bearded peasant came in sight,
Leaning upon his staff and moving slow
As one that drags a burden on, although
None bore he save the toy that lightly hung
Upon his arm, the little basket strung
Of shining reeds.

And, when he had come close,

For homage to his years Yu-Pe-Ya rose
And bent his head before him ere he brake
His courteous silence; and the old man spake,
First making calm and seemly reverence,
And asked his need. And, when he heard, "From hence
These parted roads" he answered "round the hill
In one like aim and, east or west, go still
By equal distance only to Tsy-Hien.
But half our few huts stand in the ravine,
Half on the ledge above: by this way go
To the high village, that best gains the low."

"Aye?" quoth Yu-Pe-Ya, musing: "How to tell
If in the high or in the low he dwell?"
And the old man, not loth to talk a while,
Noted his dubious mood with a quaint smile,
And "Nay," he said, "if chance or choice be guide
And guide amiss, small evil need betide;
A clamber down or up a rugged lane
And wrong comes right with little loss or pain.
But, stranger sir, if it shall please you, speak
His name you look for: trust me where to seek.

I have lived very long, sir ; only three
 Among our village folk count years with me,
 And all the others I might almost say
 I have dandled on my knees or taught to play ;
 Man, woman, child, no soul is living here
 But knows me and I know. Aye, many's the year
 I've been among them—time to know them all—
 I am old enough to stand by and see fall
 Good timber to the axe that I had known
 Saplings just to my breast ere I was grown ;
 And look, that moss-caked bridge o'er which you came,
 I saw it making. Sir, what is his name ? ”

“ A woodman named Tse-Ky,” Yu-Pe-Ya said.

The old man looked on him : “ My son is dead,”
 He answered slowly ; and then hid his face
 And wept aloud. But, rooted in his place,
 Yu-Pe-Ya stood and spoke not. And “ My son ! ”
 The old man sobbed, “ Ah me ! what had I done
 To lose thee ere I died ! Sir, this Tse-Ky
 And to my wife, our joy, our help, our stay ;
 But he is gone. A stranger came this way,
 Passing along the river, a year since
 In the summer time, a great and learned prince,
 And lighted on Tse-Ky and so they knit
 A solemn friendship, and in pledge of it
 Yu-Pe-Ya gave my son a gift of gold.
 And he bought books, and, toiling as of old,
 To earn our bread, all day, he through the night
 Was lost in study, and the morning light
 Would oftenest find him watching. So ere long,
 And ere we ignorant parents saw aught wrong,
 Being unlettered folk, he sapped his strength,
 So fell into a wasting and at length
 He died.”

There are some beautiful songs in the poem, one of which we may give.

He took his priceless lute, the lute whose name
 While Time still bettered what the maker's skill
 Had left so best that none hath heard, nor will,
 In any land its fellow, and its tone
 Was like some spirit's singing at heaven's throne
 He took his priceless lute and, listening, sang
 A tender song that like a farewell rang.
 And yet, because a sorrow or a bliss
 Will scarcely speak itself the thing it is,
 But shapes its truth into a half disguise
 And, like some painter who will make the eyes,
 The smile, he lived by, in an altered face,
 Or like the lapwing flitting past the place
 She had no thought to leave, will part conceal
 The thing it tells part what it hides reveal,
 No farewell trembled on his tongue at all,
 He sang but of the summer and its fall.

“ Too soon so fair, fair lilies ;
 To bloom is then to wane ;
 The folded bud has still
 To-morrows at its will,
 Blown flowers can never blow again.

Too soon so bright, bright noontide ;
 The sun that now is high
 Will henceforth only sink
 Towards the western brink ;
 Day that's at prime begins to die.

Too soon so rich, ripe summer,
For autumn tracts thee fast ;
Lo death-marks on the leaf !
Sweet summer, and my grief ;
For summer come is summer past.

Too soon, too soon, lost summer ;
Some hours and thou art o'er.
Ah ! death is part of birth :
Summer leaves not the earth
But last year's summer lives no more."

5. *The Oxford Undergraduate of Twenty Years Ago.* By a Bachelor of Arts.
Washbourne, 1874.

There must be many Catholics whose lot it has been to read and listen to, with interest, the narratives of converts from our English Universities as to the characteristics of that phase of life which they are themselves unable either to regret or to be thankful for, and we are much mistaken if many such, in case they have taken the pains to collect evidence on the matter from various quarters, have not been frequently perplexed by the great diversity of testimony with which they have met. Half a dozen Oxford men will give half a dozen different versions of Oxford life. Oxford life is greatly different in different colleges, and it also varies very much in successive generations. A generation in Oxford soon passes away. The freshman becomes an *habitué* in a few weeks, and in three or four years he is on the threshold of his degree. If he gets a good class he may be a fellow within five years of his first residence ; and if he continues to reside he becomes at once a "Don." Further, if he takes to tuition and an Oxford life, he will find himself, in five or six years more, one of the seniors of the University, with a multitude of men junior to himself, whose very names he knows not, thronging the streets and quadrangles, while he has perhaps a dozen friends of his own scattered over the University. The rapid succession of generations makes it easy for the Oxford of one lustrum, or decade, to differ widely from that of the lustrum, or decade, before or after it. The most permanent elements in this shifting scene are the college influences, and each college has a tendency to contract a character of its own, while the separation and difference between neighbours is often as great as that between next-door neighbours in a London street, one of whom does not know the name of the other.

Hence, when the Brasenose man, or the Christchurch man, or the Balliol man, or the Wadham or Pembroke man, relates his Oxford reminiscences, and gives a sketch of university life in his own time, he usually plays upon one note out of a great many, which ought to be combined. To this we attribute the extremely false notions that are sometimes met with of Oxford life in general, based, perhaps, on the personal history or experience of some one who has escaped into the

Catholic Church from studious Balliol, or religious Trinity, or philosophical Oriel, or some other colleges, which we need only name by their epithets as slang, or fast, or aristocratic, or humdrum, or little better as far as study or morality are concerned than the barracks of a crack regiment, or a collection of chambers filled with young "men about town." Those whose experience has unfortunately laid in such places as these last-mentioned, are almost inclined to resent it as a piece of heresy when they are told of the quiet, happy, and blameless lives which other converts have elsewhere led themselves, and seen all around them lead; while those who have known how much benefit may be gained from companions, and instructors, and the regular and well-ordered discipline of a good college, are pained to their very heart's core when they hear the charges of universal immorality, extravagance, and folly which are often so freely lavished by those who do not know what they are talking about. The witnesses in such cases are obviously irreconcilable, for they are not speaking of the same thing. Catholic readers ought to be warned of this, and the greatest mischief has been caused, and is still weighing upon us, by the absurd misconceptions which have been created in many minds by exaggerated statements on the same subject.

If the book before us is read in the light of these remarks, it will deservedly attract attention, not only by the briskness and liveliness of its style—now and then a little overstrained—but also by the accuracy of the picture which it probably gives of an individual experience. The canon laid down long ago by Sir Walter Scott, about history and fiction, must be remembered before it is accepted as a genuine picture. No doubt there are or were breakfasts at some colleges at Oxford, at which the supply of dainties was over-profuse, but the chapter headed "Breakfast Party," is probably an exaggeration if it is meant as a general account. No doubt young men when they have been plucked for their "smalls," may be asked by a friend to supper, and have had a game of cards to relieve their disappointment, but we should hope that the case of the men who went on gambling till chapel time in the morning, one of whom had lost ninety pounds at a sitting, was rather too uncommon to be put into a general picture. So on with the rest. The writer's account of the intellectual anarchy at Oxford in 1845, or about that time, is true enough in principle, and several of his more controversial conversations are brilliant as well as true. Indeed, he writes very well, and is ordinarily very amusing. We never read such descriptions as that which he gives of "the Don," without feeling that we should like to hear what the Dons themselves have to say on the matter. There are, of course, born Dons and born "prigs," all the world over, but the atmosphere of an Oxford common-room has hardly the power of turning the sons of Adam, who are usually well-bred English gentlemen to boot, into such portents as are here pictured. Finally, let us hope that any critical enemy of Oxford scholarship will make all allowances for the "twenty years" which are supposed to

have elapsed since the author read his Juvenal, when his eyes meet the strange perversion of a line and a half of that poet, which is given at the top of page 31.

6. *The Pope and the Emperor.* Nine Lectures. By the Very Rev. J. N. Sweeney, O.S.B., D.D. London: Burns and Oates, 1874.

Anything that comes from the author of these Lectures is sure to be sound, learned, and eloquent—but the present work seems to us particularly felicitous in its conception, and we are not surprised to hear that the Lectures were received with attention by large audiences, many of whom must have been Anglicans and Protestants. The title of the little work sufficiently indicates its main subject, which is treated historically, beginning with our Lord before Pontius Pilate, and passing on through the conflicts between St. Peter and St. Paul on the one hand and Nero on the other, between the Popes and Emperors of the three first centuries, between St. Liberius and Julian, St. Gregory the Seventh and the Emperor Henry, between the Popes and the Kings of Engand, between Pius the Seventh and Napoleon, down to the present time, when the unending war is being fought out between Pius the Ninth and Bismarck and his master.

7. *Holy Places: their Sanctity and Authenticity.* By F. Philpin de Rivières, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Washbourne, 1874.

Father Philpin's volume is most timely and acceptable, both on account of the striking increase of general devotion to pilgrimages to the various accessible shrines, and because much discussion and examination has arisen of late on the sites of "holy places," especially in Palestine and Eastern Syria. It is well, therefore, to recall, as F. Philpin does, in his opening words, the *principle*, as well as the proof, of these places of choice and preference by Almighty God.

The idea of a holy place is that it belongs to God in a more special way than others, either from being set apart by the Supreme Ruler for His own service, or from being dedicated by men to His Divine Majesty.

And also, we might add, from being known as spots where much prayer has been answered. Beginning with a close summary of the theory of local sanctification, its permanence, its essential source and channels, with its ideal development, F. Philpin proceeds to give a very close and interesting historical sketch of the holy places before Christ; thence passing to the choice of places hallowed by Him, and their great variety. He then weighs the comparative value of extraordinary, ordinary, and natural evidence, and gives an admirable summary of the witness of the early centuries regarding the Holy Places of Jerusalem, with archæological and architectural proofs. It is a complete treatise on the subject.

8. We are glad to see that the English Catholics are at length in possession of a version in their own language of the admirable *Meditations of Lancelotti* (Ascetical Library, No. IX.). The translation has evidently been made with great care. The new edition of Palma's *History of the Sacred Passion* (Quarterly Series) will come opportunely for those who wish to meditate as tenderly and as deeply as possible on this great subject of all Christian thought during Holy Week. This edition has been thoroughly revised. The same series has just been enriched by a new volume, the *Dialogues of St. Gregory the Great*. A quaint old English translation of the seventeenth century has been made use of, with the spelling modernized, and seems to suit admirably the simplicity and piety of the original. We need say nothing to recommend these famous *Dialogues*, which have been the favourite reading of hundreds of saints. The *Sanctorum Patrum Opuscula Selecta*, a series of small handy volumes, edited by Father Hurter, S.J., at Innsbruck, has reached its twenty-second number, containing the work of Lactantius, *De Mortibus Persecutorum*, and the *Historia Persecutionis Vandalica* of Victor Vitensis. A more useful set of little books of the kind cannot be imagined. It already contains many choice treatises of St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St. Cyprian, Tertullian, and others, as well as many of the Sermons of St. Leo, and a number of the most important Letters of the early Popes. The notes are admirable. We must notice only hurriedly a beautiful little book from America, *Practical Instructions for the comfort of the Sick and Afflicted*, translated from the French by Anna T. Sadlier; and a story for little girls, *Catharine Hamilton*, published by Mr. Washbourne.

II.—CORRECTIONS OF THE PRESS.

II. —The "Saturday Review" and the London Examinations.

The letter from a correspondent which was printed in our last issue on the subject of the selection of a certain particular book—*The Vision concerning Piers Plowman*—as a subject for examination for Honours in English literature at the London University, has called forth an article from a writer in the *Saturday Review* which is so characteristic of the tone of certain contributors to that Review with regard to Catholic matters, that it may be worth while to notice it as an instance of that "insolent ignorance" in criticism to which we have more than once had to direct attention. The article to which we refer appeared on March 14, and is headed "A Roman Catholic Grievance."

It is hardly necessary to say that the complaint made by our correspondent is entirely misrepresented. That complaint by no means turned on the existence of such a book as *The Vision of Piers Plowman*, or of the historical facts which it represents, nor did the writer either deny the importance of that celebrated poem, or express

any wish that it should not be studied. "I hope," said the correspondent, "that I shall not be supposed to decry the study of the earliest remains of our noble English literature. Let it be studied by all means. I have no objection to the elucidation of the whole literature of the age of Chaucer and Wicliffe, though no doubt it contains a great many things which will startle unintelligent admirers of all that preceded the Reformation in England as very startling revelations." In truth as to this, he would seem to be very much of one mind with his assailant in the *Saturday Review*. This fact, however, that worthy writer cannot afford to let his own readers see. He represents our correspondent as making a grievance of the fact that *Piers Plowman* should have written what he did, and that young Catholics should be set to read him. "If there is any class of people by whom this truth of history is felt as a grievance, the fault and the misfortune are wholly their own. History cannot alter itself to please them." The complaint, he says, shows "what unpleasantly stubborn things facts are sometimes found to be." "They think," he says, speaking of the objectors, "that the facts are unpleasant, and so they want the facts to be hushed." These quotations give, we hope, a fair representation of the way in which this writer puts the "grievance" he is speaking of before his own readers.

We can only suppose that this writer has not been at the pains to acquaint himself with the method of the examination at the London University. He must be imagined to be in ignorance that in their examination a few specified books are set, and that these, and not literature in general, have to be presented for examination. He tells us that he "could hardly conceive the possibility of an examination in English literature which should not take in the *Vision of Piers Plowman*." Unfortunately, if he had anything to do with the London Examinations, he would have to enlarge the range of his conception of the possible. We suppose this may be the first time that this particular book has been selected, and we hope it may be the last. The selections for the present year, if we remember right, for we have not the Calendar before us, includes simply the *School of Abuse*, the *Defence of Poesy*, a work of Dryden's, two parts of *King Henry the Fourth*, and Goldsmith's *Life and Works*, in addition to Mr. Skeat's edition of the *Vision of Piers the Plowman*—an edition, as our correspondent mentioned, with notes of a very anti-Catholic tone. Probably the *Saturday Reviewer* could not conceive the possibility of an examination which should not include *Hamlet*, or *Paradise Lost*, or *Don Juan*. But it is one thing to include an author in a course of reading, and quite another to select a particular book and a particular edition as an essential subject for an examination. What is complained of is, that the authorities in an examination on *literature*, not in history, have made choice of a book which will at first sight certainly shock the religious feelings of a portion of the candidates, the institution being one which professes to be neutral on all questions of creed. The selection, as our correspondent says,

imposes a hardship on Catholic youths and on their Catholic teachers, if they have to prepare them for the examination. The book raises questions which lie outside literature and language, and brings in history and, to a certain extent, controversy. The *Saturday Review* says, "It is absurd to call the *Vision of Piers Plowman* a satire against the religion of Roman Catholics." The word "satire" was not our correspondent's own, it was quoted by him from Dean Milman and Mr. Marsh. We have looked, moreover, at Mr. Skeat's edition of the book, and, without wishing to derogate from that gentleman's antiquarian and linguistic learning, we cannot deny that with all the light that his notes throw on the text, he is occasionally both offensive to Catholics and grossly ignorant of what he speaks about. For instance, his idea of an indulgence seems to be that it is a remission of a certain number of years of purgatory. "Rome," he informs his pupils,¹ "abounded with shrines at which several thousands of years of remission from purgatory could be obtained." If a Catholic youth at the examination were to give his explanation of an indulgence, which every Catholic, man, woman, or child, is taught as an elementary matter, he might very probably be set down as an ignoramus by a "learned" Protestant examiner with Mr. Skeat's volume in his hand. If he were to give the answer which the London University incidentally recommends him to give, he would give what he would know to be an absurdity.

The *Vision of Piers Plowman*, as any one who has made the attempt will testify, is not an easy book to master on account of the language, which bears, to speak roughly, the same relation to the English of the present day, as Latin to Italian. It is to be presumed that it is set as an examination in English literature, chiefly as a linguistic study. If this be the case, it is very hard to saddle Catholics with the obligation of wading through a great deal of sometimes coarse satire on friars, priests, and bishops, when they are supposed to be studying poetry or language. If, on the other hand, the book is set as an historical monument, it is equally hard to impose on them the necessity either of taking Langland's word for gospel, as will be done by their Protestant competitors and examiners, or of reading up a great deal of collateral matter in order to ascertain in what cases he strikes real abuses, in what cases he exaggerates or misrepresents, and to do this, after all, under the certainty that their acquaintance with the other side of the story will by no means stand them in good stead with those who are to decide on the merits of their performance. We think this a very intelligible objection. Aristophanes has his place in Greek literature, Boccaccio has his place in Italian literature; but on moral grounds it would be quite fair to object to the selection of some of the plays of the one or of the *Decameron* of the other, as subjects of examination. To Catholics, religious grounds of parallel objections, are as important as moral grounds in other cases to others. This is entirely a different matter from the so-called "grievance" as to *Piers Plowman* as it is represented in the *Saturday Review*.

III.—The "Saturday Review" and Cardinal Barnabo.

On Tuesday, February 24th, died Alexander, Cardinal Barnabo, Cardinal-Priest of the Title of St. Susanna, and Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda. Had he lived until the 2nd of March, he would have completed the seventy-third year of a life nobly and usefully spent in the service of God and his neighbours. He was of a noble family of Foligno, and was one of those taken by Napoleon the First to Paris, and placed in the Polytechnic School. Returning after awhile to his native country, he entered the ecclesiastical state, and soon became conspicuous for his learning and ability. For many years Secretary, and from the time of his creation as Cardinal, in June 16, 1856, Prefect of Propaganda, his days were full days of continual and untiring work. Most strangely are such men estimated by those who provide intellectual food for the British public. In the *Saturday Review*, of March 7, we read of the late Cardinal Barnabo, that he "was a red-tapeist of the strictest sort, but he had the reputation of being a thoroughly upright and conscientious man." A red-tapeist! Why, this is about the very quality he possessed least of. This absurd caricature of the Cardinal suggested to us the putting on record a few personal reminiscences, which may help to show the extreme non-infallibility of some who undertake to enlighten the public.

There probably never was a Roman official of such real importance as Cardinal Barnabo, who had less of the red-tapeist in his composition than he had. We well remember how the students of the English College used to bestow on him, what to their minds was no doubt the highest praise, in saying that he was more like an Englishman than an Italian. In the days of his secretariate, when he was of course a prelate of very high rank, and a canon of St. Peter's, seldom was he seen in a carriage, but almost daily alone, and unattended, he might have been met on his way from St. Peter's to Propaganda, or during his afternoon walk. The *Saturday Review* says he had the reputation of being a thoroughly conscientious man, and not without reason. For, although his many and engrossing duties as Secretary of the Propaganda entailing great labour and study, protracted often, as we well know, far into the night when others were asleep, might have justified him in some relaxation of his choir duties as canon of St. Peter's, he was always most regular and punctual in his attendance in choir at the divine offices.

The way in which he dispensed himself from anything like state attendance once, at least, brought him into considerable personal danger. It was in 1854, in the month of February, that we heard him relate the following, a few days after it had occurred—

One afternoon he was walking alone, as usual, towards Santa Maria Maggiore, by the rather lonely and unfrequented lane that passes by St. Martino ai Monti. A man suddenly pounced upon him from some

recess, with the summons, *La borsa o la vita*—"Your money or your life." Prompt and decisive was his reply, *Ni l'una ni l'altra*—"Neither one nor the other." A struggle thereupon ensued, in which the prelate, being on the wrong side of fifty, by no means a tall man, and probably unaccustomed to pugilistic encounters, seemed rather likely to get the worst of it; when, most fortunately, a French officer happened to drive that way in his carriage, and came opportunely to the rescue.

If Bishop Grant were living, he could have told us many a story of his friend the Secretary of Propaganda. They were both equally averse to red-tapeism and all such nonsense. Several still living can recall a day when Mgr. Barnabo amused us all in the library of the English College after dinner, with his account of how he did *not* call upon Lord Minto. The story is related in the recently published life of Dr. Grant, but we venture to reproduce it somewhat more accurately than it is there given. There was a priest in Rome rather too much the opposite of Mgr. Barnabo to be a favourite of his. When Lord Minto went to Rome in 1847, the priest alluded to appears to have been very anxious to bring his lordship in contact with the most influential people. He went, amongst others, to Mgr. Barnabo, and told him that he thought Lord Minto would very much like to meet him. The monsignor, not thinking there was any particular reason for troubling himself about Lord Minto, replied that the distance from the Palazzo Doria (where Lord Minto was staying), to his house, was precisely the same as from his house to the Palazzo Doria. But, added the Abbé, rather in a tone of remonstrance, "*E un Lord Inglese!*" and, said the monsignor, "*Io sono un Lord Italiano.*"

His elevation to the Cardinalate made very little difference in his habits. Certain rules of etiquette he was, of course, obliged to regard; but how very little red tape there was about him may be illustrated from the recollection of our first interview with him as Cardinal. It was in 1865, that shortly after arriving in Rome we called at Propaganda wishing to see the Cardinal. Going as usual into the office where most of the clerks are, we inquired if the Cardinal was at home. "*Eccolo!*" said the priest we had asked, pointing to one in a group, who certainly did not catch the eye in search of a Cardinal, for there was not a sign visible of his rank. There he was in an old black cassock, without even the red *zucchetto*, just as affable and homely as in the old days, and certainly his remarks and questions about English affairs (Cardinal Wiseman was just dead), revealed the very opposite of a red-tapeist. A little fact speaks volumes for his humility. He never would allow a priest to kiss his hand, on the ground that he was no more than a priest himself (never having received episcopal consecration), although it is the custom for even a Cardinal-Deacon to be treated as a Bishop.

He was a large-minded and generous-hearted man, and sure are we that no one who knew him, and how many there are, all the world over, who not only knew but loved him, can help feeling a deep pang of sorrow that his place knows him no more.

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* * Some of these Works are not yet published, and will be supplied
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